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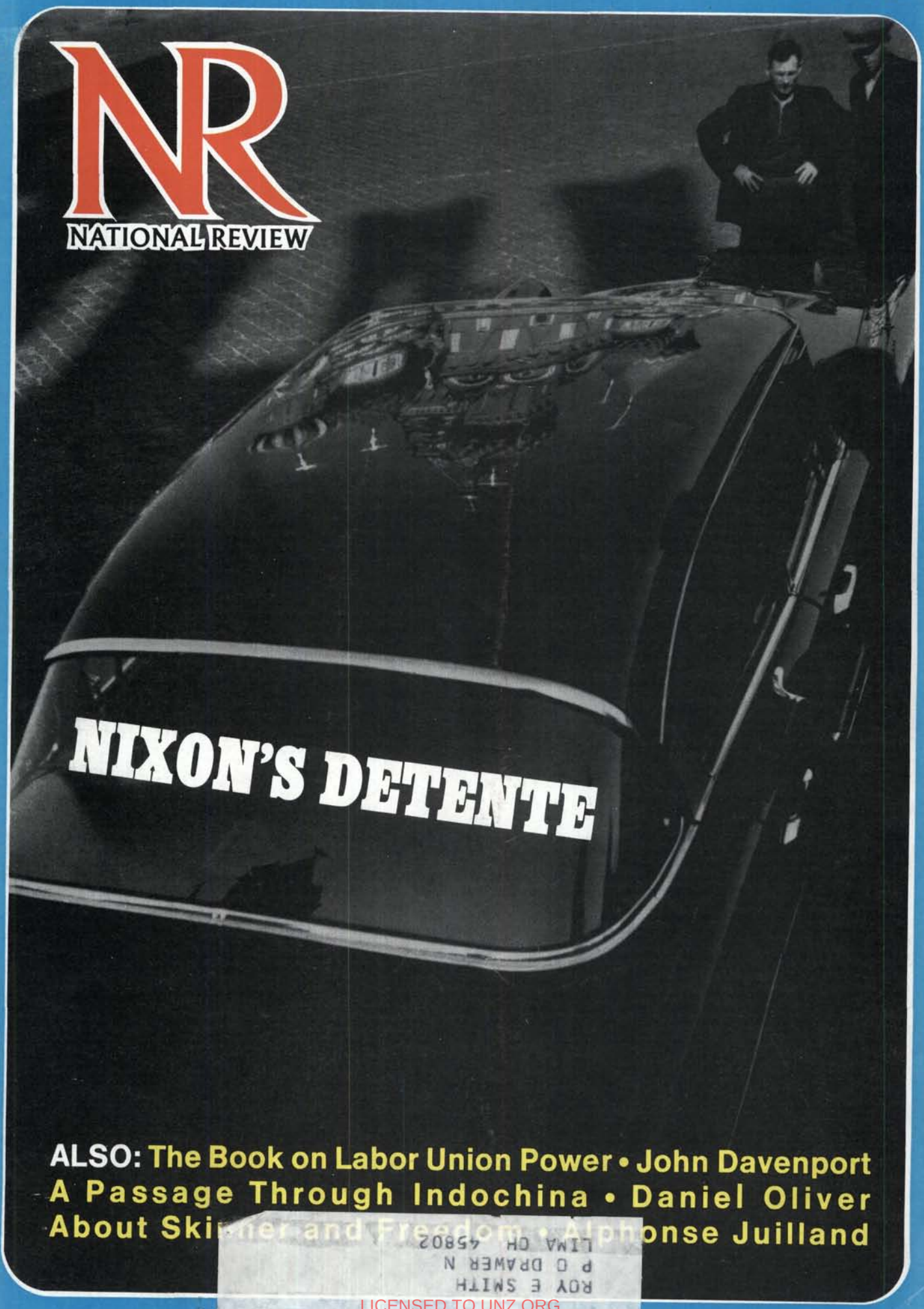

NR

NATIONAL REVIEW

NIXON'S DETENTE

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- Continental conservatism compared with British and American conservatism. Good and bad aspects, strengths and weaknesses, of American conservatism. Why American conservatism must be revolutionary
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- Mass murder, torture and mutilation throughout the history of the Left
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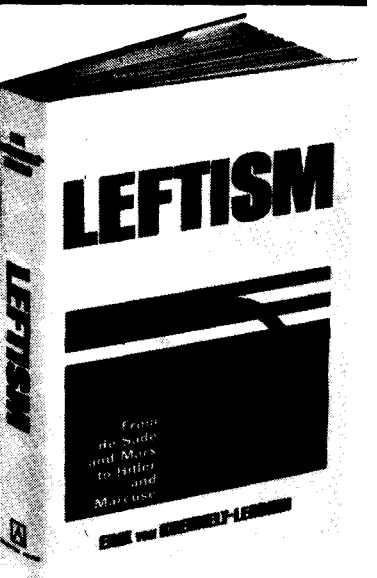
- Using the Communist Manifesto "as a measuring rod to see to what extent we and our contemporaries have become Marxists"



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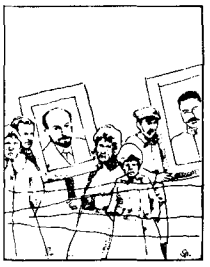

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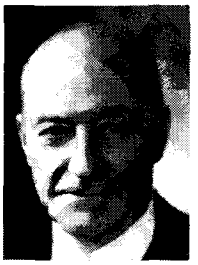

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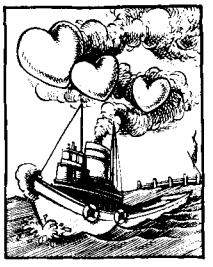

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FOR THE RECORD

■ A parting of the ways on House Judiciary Committee. Second ranking Republican, Rep. **Robert McClory** of Illinois, got all but one GOP member (**Delbert Latta**, Ohio) to sign resolution instructing deputy minority counsel **Sam Garrison**—a former Agnew staffer, incidentally—to prepare arguments against **Nixon**'s impeachment. Republicans feel Minority Counsel **Albert Jenner** is too much of a patsy for Majority Counsel **James Doar**, who emerged last week as Prosecutor. . . . McClory was so shocked by **Ehrlichman** guilty verdict—he felt it added significantly to impeachment tide—that he left the Committee room the night of the verdict in near tears. . . . According to *Christian Science Monitor*, the man to watch on Judiciary is Republican **Thomas Railsback** (Ill.). His vote, for or against impeachment, says the paper, could influence as many as 40 to 50 House votes. . . . Upstate New York Republicans **Henry Smith** and **Hamilton Fish Jr.**, both on Judiciary, say their constituents now oppose keeping Nixon in office. . . . And more missing documents. **David Snyder**, California state archivist, has opened up papers sealed since **Earl Warren** resigned as governor of California in 1953 to become Chief Justice—and found the Nixon-Warren correspondence file empty.

■ FUN: Very liberal **Democratic Study Group** hurting for money to pump into campaigns of very liberal Democrats. Seems Democrats are so confident of smashing win at the polls in November they're not coming up with the green. . . . *Washington Post* survey doesn't see a veto-proof Senate in November, given the number of Southern Democrats who will continue to support Richard Nixon on key issues. *Post* thinks GOP could lose six to nine seats, maximum. Lists as most vulnerable Senators **Marlow Cook** (Ky.), **Edward Gurney** (Fla.),

Punch Rothco

"We don't bother about fire drills any more—the shop stewards can get them all out in three minutes flat."

Henry Bellmon (Okla.), **Milton Young** (N.D.), **Robert Dole** (Kan.). (Sixth Democratic win could be in Utah where Sen. **Wallace Bennett** is retiring.) Other possible GOP losers: **Peter Dominick** (Colo.), **Robert Packwood** (Ore.) —no dreamboat but better than opponent **Wayne Morse**—and **Richard Schweiker** (Pa.). . . . Races *du jour*: South Carolina conservatives happy over hefty win by State Senator **James Edwards** over Gen. **William Westmoreland** in gubernatorial primary. Feeling was that Edwards, a Goldwater conservative who has been a major force in South Carolina GOP, deserved the nod. Democratic front-runner in three-way race was **Charles Ravenal**, a former Harvard football star who, say some of his college-day friends, was a losing back back then. . . . In New York, **Allard Lowenstein** has given up on senatorial race, will now run for Congress against **John Wydler** in the 5th CD.

■ Newsmakers: Fun City's ex, **John Lindsay**, has a) signed up to do a ten-minute stint in an **Otto Preminger** movie, *Rosebud* by name (he'll play a senator), b) contracted to become a weekly ABC commentator-interviewer on *AM America*, ABC's projected answer to NBC's *Today* show, reports the *Washington Post*'s **Sally Quinn**, who was herself last season's unsuccessful CBS contender against reigning morning show champ **Barbara Walters**, and c) written, or is finishing, a book. . . . *Hair*, *Jesus Christ Superstar*, and *Lenny* producer **Tom O'Horgan** is trying to sign up **Spiro Agnew** for the title role in a musical on the life of **Warren G. Harding** because Agnew is "obviously a performer." . . . **Teddy Kennedy** has appointed **Martin Luther King III** a summer page in the Senate. . . . JFK speechwriter **Richard Goodwin** will be putting out the Washington supplement of *Rolling Stone*. . . . And **Philip Berrigan** was back in the news a couple of weeks ago, arrested in an anti-money-for-**Thieu** demonstration, sitting shackled in a "tiger cage" in front of the White House. The charge: parading without a permit.

■ *New York* Post columnist **Pete Hamill**, leaving his pacifism in Vietnam, has solution for Turkish problem. "All Turkish assets in the country should be seized," says Hamill, "[and] our B-52s should begin the systematic carpeting of those [poppy] fields." . . . Bet you never saw story of the death by immolation of South Vietnam disabled veteran **Buu Phung**. Buu burned himself to death before HQ of International Commission of Control and Supervision in Saigon to demonstrate his *support* for the government of President Thieu. . . . The Peking *People's Daily*, taking note of Easter Sunday ceremonies in Russia, charges the USSR with encouraging religious practices which it identifies as "manias unworthy of a great socialist country."

■ Most surprised City Councilman of the year, New York's **Matthew Troy** when told by a Gay Liberation rights protestor in front of City Hall the other day to "take your hands off me, you heterosexual pig."

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Letters

Sir Arnold Lunn, R I P

Thank you for the truly lovely piece on Sir Arnold Lunn [July 5], whose works I must now reread. As a new subscriber, dragged in kicking and screaming through the generosity of a conservative friend, I was charmed, impressed, and deeply touched by Mr. Buckley's encapsuling of the character and personality of this remarkable Christian gentleman and scholar.

SISTER JOAN FRANCES CROWLEY
Chicago, Ill.

As I read, last winter, the last piece Sir Arnold Lunn wrote for NATIONAL REVIEW ["Seventy Years a Skier," Feb. 1], I found it hard to understand how he was ever able to enjoy mountaineering again after the accident he suffered. Now, having read Mr. Buckley's marvelous obituary (the best obituaries, surely, are written of, and by, people with a sense of humor: that prevents emotion from becoming sentimentality), I think I do begin to understand.

Whittier, Calif. BETTY HENDERSON

Hallucinations?

Linda Bridges' report on Soviet mental hospitals ["Psychiatry, KGB Style," July 19] left me with a gnawing sense of helplessness and a host of unanswerable questions.

Granted, a psychiatric institution is not exactly summer camp, but why the "trivial and demoralizing" punishments? Surely there is a more efficient way to handle undesirables—and permanently at that. Either the stories about these hospitals from some of their ex-patients are grossly exaggerated, or they indicate a depth of inhumanity and barbarism so profound as to make any detente with the Soviets at best tenuous and at worst immoral.

Presumably the Russians send incorrigible dissidents to these asylums to make one last-ditch effort at converting them, while stigmatizing their ideas. So it is a strange paradox indeed that the Russians officially deny the existence of atrocious conditions in the asylums even as they occasionally release inmates who can and do refute that denial. Perhaps what we really have here is a subtle but conscious means of deterring political dissidents—a means of rendering the asylums all the more terrifying by making the reality of the horrors they perpetrate technically unverifiable ("I have never heard anybody here banging the door like that. You have hallucinations").

The most intriguing (and least answerable) questions of all are: to what extent are the Russian people themselves aware of what really goes on in the asylums, and how much do they care? The irrepressibility of the spirit comes readily to mind when speaking of a Solzhenitsyn or a Bukovsky; but it may be unrealistic to expect that among a people who have labored under Communism for 60 years, most have not had their idealism tempered during the ordeal.

Mt. Kisco, N.Y. ANNA FARMER

Quel Outrage!

Please allow me to express my outrage at the letter from Mr. Thomas Molnar, headed "Le Défi Continental" [Feb. 15]. It seems that a review by Aram Bakshian of a biography of Honoré de Balzac was not sufficiently glowing with praise for the work's subject. Molnar: "Would you, for example, guess from Aram Bakshian's review of a Balzac biography ["Son et Lumière," Jan. 18] that Balzac is the world's greatest novelist, a writer and psychologist considerably superior to Cervantes and Shakespeare, in the class of Homer, Dante, and Goethe?" Of course not; neither would you guess any such thing from reading, for example, *Eugénie Grandet—et je vous signale que je l'ai lu dans la langue originale*. It couldn't have served as blotting paper for Shakespeare or Cervantes. To exalt the greasy, *wälsch* Balzac over them is a rank impertinence. According to Molnar, "*ces Anglo-Saxons*" write about the French with "the contempt of a master race." You said it, Mr. Molnar, I didn't.

New York, N.Y. DAVID WAGNER

Summer Festival

Felicitations on your marvelous Summer Festival issue [July 5]. *NR* invariably brings a breath of good humor and a note of reflective calm to my life in paranoid Berkeley; but this issue merits special praise.

One of your authors, Elliott Miller,

(Continues on page 844)

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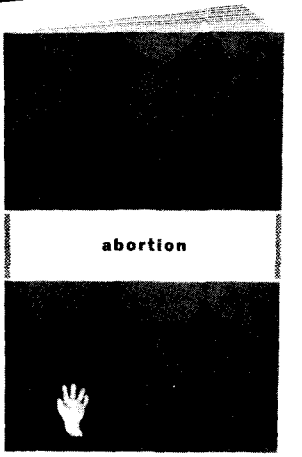

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About the Author

John T. Noonan, Jr., is Professor of Law at the University of California, Berkeley. Besides two books published by Harvard University Press, *Contraception* and *The Morality of Abortion*, he has written many articles on law, theology and philosophy. He is also a member of the Bar of Massachusetts and the Bar of the Supreme Court of the United States.

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 842)

mentions a recent television program which said that things went well a generation ago because Americans loved one another. Some of that spirit of love always comes through in *NR*. Keep it coming!

Berkeley, Calif. DEBORAH M. SANDERS

I received the July 5 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW today, and read John Beck's "The History of Legalized Prostitution, 1984-2004."

An hour or so later, I was watching the NBC Nightly News from Moscow, and lo and behold, the trailer was a report from San Francisco about a convention of prostitutes! They were demanding nothing less than the legal right to practice their profession, and consideration for their health and emotional needs. A feeling of *déjà vu* filled the room. Kudos to John Beck and *NR* for scooping NBC News.

Rochester, N.Y. JOEL TRIPOLI

Beck's treatise was ironically entertaining even though it was an excruciatingly accurate account of how we arrived at our present position. And with all those perfectly "rational intrinsic benefits" accruing, what chance do we have to reverse the trend short of anarchy?

Would it be unpatriotic to request the Pentagon to zero one of our missiles in on the vicinity of latitude 38°53′ N. longitude 77° W. just in case it turns out we have a much more immediate enemy than Russia?

Some are revolted by *The Exorcist*. Hell, after observing the antics of our elected representatives for 35 years I could sit through anything.

Houma, La. JAY UPTON

Takes One to Know One

It takes one to know one, so having John Simon do a bitch job on Rex Reed's *People Are Crazy Here* [July 5] was sort of a great idea.

Although Simon works for a high gloss magazine, *Esquire*, and Reed works for a lowbrow rag, the *New York Daily News*, they are brothers under the skin. Both practice criticism as a performing art and not as a discipline.

This makes up somewhat for Simon's pan of *The Primal Screen* by America's best film critic, Andrew Sarris, over a year ago. I must say, someone missed the boat there. That would have been the ideal time to examine the dichotomy which characterizes the best film criticism in the country. It is done by left wing critics, of whom Sarris is the leader, but they mostly admire right wing directors. So, we find basically conservative men like John Ford, Howard Hawks, Alfred Hitchcock, Raoul Walsh, and Leo McCarey in the upper reaches of the left wingers' pantheon.

Hickory, N.C. NORMAN STEWART

(*Continues on page 881*)

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This is the ad the Racing Form refused to print!

Winning at the Races May Not Be Your Idea of Fun, But...

Here I sit, trying to write about Larry Voegele. And all the while I'm working and sweating, the guy I'm writing about is out at the racetrack. Not a worry in the world—and probably making more money in a day than I make in a week.

What's his secret? *He knows how to beat the races. Really* knows. Knows so much that he runs a school for handicappers. (It's the only one of its kind in the world. Which is why he was asked to appear on "What's My Line.")

He charges his "students" two hundred bucks apiece. He tells them that if they're not completely satisfied he'll return every cent they've paid, and *nobody* has ever asked for his money back.

What's more, he went on a live radio show (The Pete Smith Show on KMPC, February 20, 1971) and did something that had never been done before. Mr. Smith really threw it to him: asked him to pick the winners in the 7 races that were being run at Santa Anita, while the program was on the air. Two out of seven would have been good enough to show a profit. Three would have been phenomenal. Larry Voegele picked *five!*

If he'd been at the track betting, say $20 on each race, he would have picked up a cool $404... net profit! Not bad for an afternoon's "work."

And all the knowledge that Larry publicly *proved* that day... *every* fact that he teaches in his $200 course... is in his book.

If you've never bet on a horse in your life, you'll read and enjoy every word. And end up understanding more than most guys who have been following the ponies all their lives.

If you're an oldtimer, you'll skip the background and get right down to the nitty gritty. If you can forget what you *think* you know, if you have the nerve—and the *discipline*—to follow his methods to the *letter*, you could make more money than you ever dreamed possible.

Why? Because you'll *know* more than 95% of the people who go to the track—and you're betting against *them!* The money they lose, *you'll* win! The track and the state take their cut, but there's plenty to go around.

At Santa Anita, for example, over *two million dollars* is bet every day. And it's a statistical fact that only one out of 20 walks out a big winner. You can be one of them!

Larry Voegele doesn't look like a racetrack tout. He's not.

He's a college graduate. He was the editor of a newspaper. He was a legislative assistant to a congressman.

He was a stockbroker, working for a major Wall Street firm. *Was* because he found out that investing in horse races was *safer*—and more profitable—than trying to beat the Bulls and the Bears at their own game.

And that's the secret of his book. He approaches handicapping as a *professional*. It's *scientific*. No "hunches." No "tips." No so-called "systems."

It isn't even "inside information." Just simple, hard *facts*. Facts that *anyone* could see if they knew what to look for. In short, if they knew what Larry Voegele knows—and tells in his book.

It'll take you about an hour to read it. Another hour to practice what he preaches.

Then if you do *exactly* as he says, step by step... if you don't get reckless or greedy... you'll be on your way to the kind of life you want.

Is that worth a 2-hour investment? Because that's all you're risking. Just time. Not money.

Here's why: your check or money order will *not* be deposited for 31 days *after* your copy of the book is mailed. That'll give you plenty of time to receive your book, read it thoroughly, and put the principles into *action*.

If you're not thrilled with what you've gained, just send the book back within 31 days. Your *uncashed* check or money order will be in the return mail!

Ever heard of an offer like that? No. But there's never been a book like this either.

As to the price—*if* you decide to keep the book. Frankly, we didn't know what to charge. It isn't just paper and ink. It's *information*. Facts that dozens of people have paid $200 to gain—and were satisfied to pay.

Verified Results of the Voegele Professional Method of Winner Selection

Hollywood Park (75 days)
675 Races, 222 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $9.00 32% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $6,480.00

Atlantic City (60 days)
540 Races, 183 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $9.60 33% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $6,666.00

Bay Meadows (64 days)
576 Races, 178 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $8.90 31% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $4,356.00

Santa Anita (75 days)
675 Races, 218 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $8.68 32% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $6,237.00

Pimlico, Winter (30 days)
270 Races, 97 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $9.84 35% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $4,140.00

Hialeah (40 days)
400 Races, 147 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $7.80 37% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $3,148.00

Aqueduct (42 days)
378 Races, 127 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $9.10 33% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $3,807.00

But there aren't many people who can afford that kind of money. Even for a sure thing.

So what do you think about 10 dollars? That's all—10 dollars. And you have something *better* than a money back guarantee. Because your check or money order won't even be cashed unless—and until—you decided to keep the book because it's worth a *lot* more.

Winning at the horse races, traveling first class and living in the best hotels may not be your idea of fun. As for me, I think it sure beats working for a living. See you at the track.

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OK—I'll take you up on your offer. Send me Larry Voegele's book. Enclosed is my check or money order for ten dollars, but DO *NOT* DEPOSIT IT FOR 31 DAYS *AFTER* YOU SEND MY ORDER.

If I return the book within that time, you'll return my payment, uncashed, by return mail. ☐ Please send Air Mail! I enclose an extra dollar.

(Please print or type shipping information. The book will be mailed in a plain wrapper)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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THE WEEK

■ Maine and New Hampshire have settled their maritime border dispute. Settled it, moreover, amicably. Settled it without the intercession of Rogers Morton. Or Henry Kissinger. Or George II, who had the last say in these matters when the dispute began, 230 years ago. The settlement seems to favor New Hampshire slightly, but who cares? It's settled. On to Cyprus.

■ The latest cure-all for people who can't or won't work is "public service employment." Representative Henry Reuss (D., Wis.) wants to "create" 500,000 jobs at an average annual cost of $7,000 each. Let's forget the thorny procedural problems—whether Civil Service standards should be sufficiently relaxed to employ chronic job-hoppers and inexperienced high school dropouts at nearly double the minimum wage, or whether people might not quit their present jobs in order to engage in such semiretirement, or whether a combined package of welfare benefits might not still be more attractive than working for $7,000. The more basic question is, how will the government meet this new payroll? If it borrows the money, that leaves less funds available for private investment and consequently for private employment. If taxes are raised to pay the salaries, that will obviously reduce the employment that would otherwise have been associated with private expenditures. If salaries are paid with newly created money, that dilutes the purchasing power of privately held dollars and thus reduces private employment. In short, the government cannot "create" jobs, it can only transfer employment opportunities from the private to the public sector. This it has been doing for many decades, with no net effect on the unemployment rate.

■ In 1797 Joseph Brant, a Mohawk Indian, sold to New York State for $1,000 5.5 million acres of Indian land that eventually was part of the Adirondack state forest. But for the past three months part of that land has been once again in Indian hands. Last May, 74 Mohawks seized it, saying that the 1797 deal was illegal because Brant wasn't authorized to sell. So far New York State hasn't made any effort to retrieve its property, but, if it wants to negotiate, the Indians say they are willing to let the United Nations decide the matter. In the meantime, the Mohawk junta has sent letters to 154 foreign representatives at the UN discussing the possibility of diplomatic relations.

■ The delegates to the 35-nation European Conference on Security and Cooperation, which has been dawdling along in Geneva since the first of the year, have sensibly decided that joining their families for the August vacation that is customary in Europe is more important than anything their negotiations were accomplishing, and have adjourned until autumn.

■ The delegates of the smaller governments at the 148-nation Law of the Sea conference now passing an enjoyable summer at Caracas find their audience of 5,000 an irresistible resonator for their favorite complaints and grievances. Panama's Deputy Foreign Minister Carlos Ozores couldn't resist another replay of his classic denunciation of the United States for its theft of the Panama Canal: "The denial by a great power of the rights of Panama is a source of international tension and a constant threat to the peace and security of the continents and the seas."

■ England—the Mother of Parliaments, the nation of shopkeepers, the home of common sense—more and more resembles the wonderful one-horse shay. The party system, such as it was, once had two wheels. Now it appears to have three. In the latest poll, Conservatives and Labor are tied at 37 per cent, but the Liberals are up to 22, and a former Labor cabinet minister, Christopher Mayhew, has jumped over to the Liberals. The economic situation seems likely to get out of hand between now and October. Inflation roars along at 22 per cent and rising. Unions are rejecting offers of 25 per cent pay raises. England is running record trade deficits of $1.1 billion per month. The Labor government plans to acquire a majority interest of 51 per cent in the North Sea oil development project, stopping short of nationalization, but also chilling the interest of foreign development capital. Though it was widely speculated that Harold Wilson would hold elections this spring in order to strengthen his hand in Parliament, he decided not to, and apparently guessed wrong. His 12-point bulge over the Conservatives has disappeared. Meanwhile, more and more Conservatives are coming to favor an antisocialist coalition with the Liberals to try to steer the country out of its economic and political confusion. A summit conference may be in order with Italy and Portugal.

■ The socialist policies of Australia's Gough Whitlam are producing results, like separatism. Two of the country's six states, together occupying half its area, now have loud and growing secessionist movements. Western Australia has immense mineral reserves and accounts for 20 per cent of the nation's exports; but its citizens resent revaluation and the introduction of deposit requirements for foreign investors, both of which have cost them money and dampened the recent economic boom. Queensland, the northeastern state, resents increasing federal taxation and (lest you think Queenslanders are doctrinaire libertarians) the abolition of federal farm subsidies.

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■ The Soviet Union had signed a contract with U.S. television networks for broadcasts during the Summit. Everything went smoothly until the day before President Nixon left, when the Americans tried to broadcast news of Andrei Sakharov's hunger strike. Instantly, "hot-headed" Soviet television workers went on a "spontaneous" strike (in the words of Soviet officials), unplugging the cameras and locking the studio doors behind them. The officials apologized for this unauthorized behavior; the studios were duly opened the next day; the networks made another attempt to broadcast news of the dissidents—whereupon the Soviet workers pulled the plug again. And we thought *we* had labor problems.

■ For a change, a cheery note for NATO. Olafur Johannesson, who headed Iceland's leftist coalition for the past three years, lost out in the recent elections. The opposition conservative Independence Party, which campaigned for the retention of the all-important NATO base at Keflavik and won, is expected to head the new coalition government.

■ For *NR* readers who failed to take Ngbandi in college, we pass on a helpful hint that has come our way from the Ministry of National Orientation, Kinshasa, Zaire, on a better understanding of the Africanized name of Citizen Mobutu (formerly President Joseph Désiré), now known as Mobutu Sese [earth] Seko [brave] Kuku Ngbendu [peppery] Waza Danga [the allpowerful warrior whom nothing can stop].

■ Not since the immediate postwar years have Americans been so dominant in international tennis, and when she took to the center court for this year's Wimbledon final, Chris Evert indeed seemed something of a chronological throwback, wearing engagement ring, earrings, necklace, and polished fingernails, none of which atavisms prevented her demolishing Olga Morozova (USSR) 6-0, 6-4. This year, at 19, Chris is Italian, French, and Wimbledon champion, the first woman in 20 years to take all three the same year, and may be the best in the world. As is traditional, the first dance at this year's Wimbledon Ball was reserved for the two singles champions, Chris—and her fiancé Jimmy Connors, who swept a three-set final, losing only two more games than Chris. At 21, Connors, too, may be the best in the world. Some things at least, on the international scene, are going very well.

■ McLuhanism Can't Be All Wrong: Congressman Steve Symms (R., Idaho) points out that it took God the Father 297 words to write the Ten Commandments, God the Son 56 words for the Lord's Prayer, Thomas Jefferson 1,300 for the Declaration of Independence, Abraham Lincoln 266 for the Gettysburg Address, and John Q. Bureaucrat 29,911 for a U.S. Government order on the price of cabbages.

■ Different Streaks for Different Freaks Dept. It's getting difficult to think of any new ways to streak, but here are a couple of gallant tries: a man streaked for patrons of the restaurant high up in Seattle's space needle by hanging out of a plane; and in Eureka, California a woman shed her slacks in a store, entered a pheasant pen on the premises, and tried to hatch some pheasant eggs.

■ OK, so we spoke too soon. But blame it on the FDA. Or the National Research Council's Food and Nutrition Board. Or whoever it is that is now recommending the addition of ten nutrients to *all* foods made of wheat, corn, and rice (including snacks and pastries). Just three weeks ago the FDA warned against eating "overfortified foods" to which extra nutrients have been added when there was no "nutritional logic" for doing so —as in snacks and pastries ["The Week," *NR*, July 5]. The government's attempts to make you healthy are enough to make you sick.

Kissinger and Detente

Though a highly articulate man, and, indeed, a prolific and lucid author, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger has lately given an oddly strangulated impression in his public utterances. He has even been, with some regularity, a bit embarrassing, as when—speaking from Moscow, of all places—he chose to place equal blame on the Soviet and American military establishments for the failure to reach agreement on the control of offensive missiles. It is evident that serious analytical differences exist on the question of strategic weapons between Kissinger and Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger. These need to be fully aired. For Kissinger, speaking in Moscow, to equate Schlesinger et al. with Marshal Grechko et al. can only be regarded as a gaffe.

Or consider Kissinger's request, issued in West Germany on his way home from Moscow, for "widespread debate" on the policy of detente and the problem of security in a nuclear age. The fact is—remarkably enough—that Mr. Kissinger has yet to articulate the assumptions behind and the meaning of "detente" as he himself sees it. How can there be "widespread debate" about an undefined policy? Large initiatives in American foreign policy have in the past been given memorable articulation: Roosevelt's "quarantine the aggressor" speech; the "Truman Doctrine"; the assumptions behind the Marshall Plan as spelled out by George Marshall in his famous Harvard address; George Kennan's analysis of "containment" in *Foreign Affairs*. Such clarification is hardly mere ceremonial. In a democracy, a major turn in foreign policy—especially when war, peace, and even national survival are at stake—cannot be successful unless the nation supports it, and the citizenry will not support it unless they have some general idea of what they are supporting. Vietnam is a cautionary example.

So far, from the Kissinger-Nixon combination, we

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have had slogans: a "generation of peace," moving "from an era of confrontation to an era of negotiation," creating a "structure of peace." These hardly provide the material for a "widespread debate" on the Nixon-Kissinger policy. We see unidentified shapes moving behind the arras; now and then a head emerges, speaking a few words; but what these shapes are doing or where they are headed is left to speculation.

What is now required, obviously, is for Mr. Kissinger to define his conception of detente, the factors that motivate the policy and the purposes it is supposed to achieve, how it affects the various nations involved directly and indirectly, and the chances for its success. That would begin the debate.

Meanwhile, one important conceptualization of post-Vietnam international relations has been provided by Professor Mariano Grondona of the University of Buenos Aires, and it is contained in a collection of essays by various scholars forthcoming under the auspices of the Potomac Institute. Professor Grondona sees the post-1945 bipolar world giving way to a much more complex equation involving five principal—but by no means equivalent—power groupings: the U.S., the USSR, China, Europe of the Nine, and Japan. As Professor Grondona views it, power relations among the five foci will be in constant flux, but the whole will possess great stability: "As soon as the Arab-Israeli war began to exceed its local framework . . . and threatened to become a general conflict, it was stopped. Conflicts on a local scale will be permitted. At this level, each nation counts only for itself. Should the conflicts jeopardize world harmony, however, they will be controlled."

In Professor Grondona's analysis, bipolarity tended to crystallize ideological oppositions, but multiplicity will erode them: "Friends in one sense, adversaries in another, nations will allow their network of international relations to diversify infinitely, even along apparently contradictory lines." Thus, Communist China, though ideologically at the opposite pole from the U.S., is, as a strategic threat to the Soviet Union, more useful to us than democratic India. In this new world, indeed, there are no friends and enemies, merely facts and interests: economic and military strength, political stability or the lack of it, exports, monetary reserves, and so on.

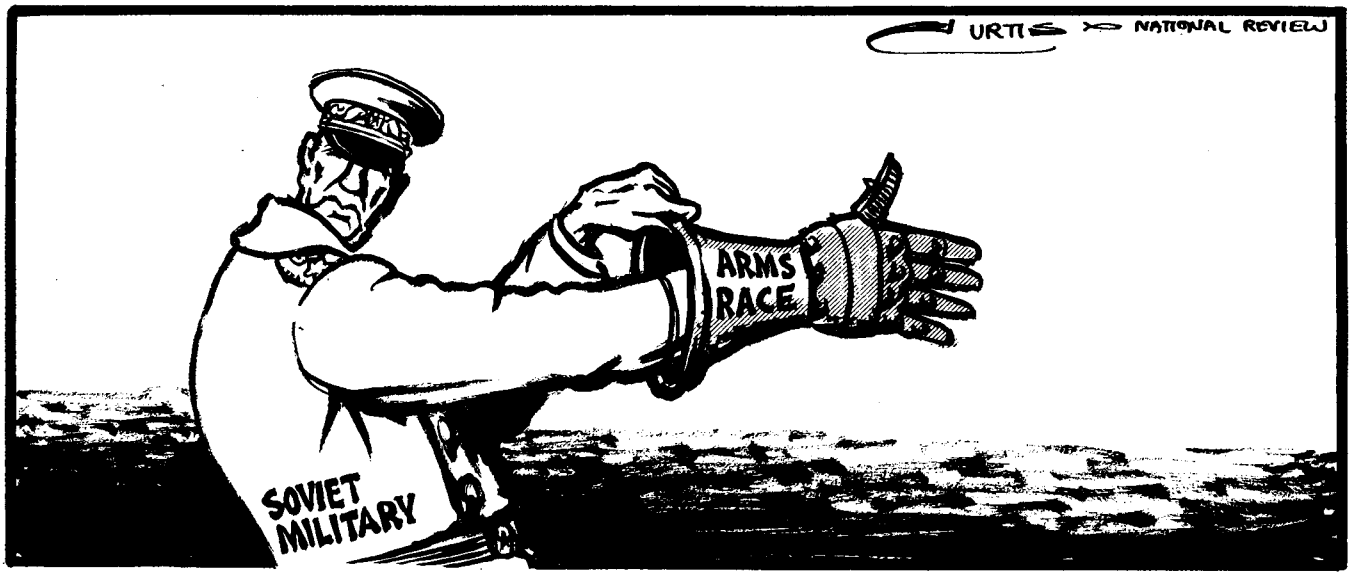
This essay is an important one; it limns a possible model. But it remains for Mr. Kissinger to limn his own. (Professor Grondona is not our Secretary of State.) And then the "debate" can commence and the questions can be asked: Is the assumption of the death of ideology premature? How are the "power" and "interests" within the equation to be calibrated? How will the scramble for natural resources be adjusted? Will the democratic nations be willing to sustain the heavy costs, projected indefinitely, of protecting their interests within the model?

As far as Mr. Kissinger is concerned, we have had enough statements from Salzburg, Moscow, West Germany, and elsewhere. The time for seriousness is at hand.

Caribbean Detente?

It looks as if Fidel Castro is coming in out of the cold. At the global conference on Law of the Sea now occupying its 5,000 participants in Caracas, Venezuela, the caucus of the Latin American nations voted to seat the Cuban delegation. President Luis Echeverría of Mexico, which never broke off relations with Cuba, has undertaken a personal campaign to persuade other Latin American governments to end the political and economic quarantine imposed, on U.S. initiative, in 1962. Three months ago Argentina—which, along with Peru and four of the Caribbean states, has recently recognized the Castro government—bulldozed Washington into agreeing on the sale to Cuba of automobiles manufactured by General Motors' Argentine subsidiary.

For nearly a decade the Senate's Foreign Relations



"I like the fit."

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Committee has wanted to send its chief of staff, Pat Holt, to look things over in Havana, but the State Department steadfastly blocked the trip. Last December Secretary Kissinger gave (it is said reluctantly) the authorization, and early this month Mr. Holt spent a week in Havana. He has made no public report, but is known to have talked at length with Castro and his principal associates.

The shift by many of the Latin American governments presumably means that they no longer are overly troubled by Cuba-sponsored guerrilla and underground operations, which were the primary reason for their adherence to the quarantine policy. It is a notorious fact that the Cuban embassy in Santiago was the center for much revolutionary activity by the extreme Left under the Allende regime, but there are reports that even the Chilean junta may go along with a Caribbean detente in order not to risk isolation from the spreading Latin American consensus.

As recently as this spring the State Department reaffirmed its Cuban policy of political nonrecognition and economic boycott. Nevertheless, this position, however justified abstractly (and emotionally), seems to be rapidly becoming untenable. Its logical underpinning has been pulled out by the pursuit of detente with the Soviet Union. Why strain at Castro while swallowing Brezhnev? The Kremlin's revolutionary investments in the Americas haven't turned out too well, and it is probable that the Soviets would like to withdraw somewhat from their expensive Cuban connection. At the next meeting of the Organization of American States, the U.S. may find itself, not Cuba, the odd nation out.

Certainly there are some important items that ought to be discussed before a resumption of U.S.-Cuba relations: formal (even if not public) assurances against Soviet military use of Cuban territories and waters; some sort of deal (even if not much more than a mutual face-saver) to settle the matter of the confiscated U.S.-owned mining, sugar, and other enterprises; some understanding about the Cubans who have come to this country since 1960, and more generally about "freedom of movement for persons and ideas." It is essential, too, that the U.S. should act in close consultation and harmony with the rising colossus of the south: it would not avail much to please a score of weak Latin American nations and lose Brazil, and Brazil has not yet expressed eagerness to join the pilgrimage to Havana. But though the road is rocky, the direction does seem to be set.

It would all seem to be inevitable—unless there is substance in the curious paragraph included in the July 13 column of the always very well informed C. L. Sulzberger: "The hard truth is that so long as Bebe Rebozo remains President Nixon's intimate friend, the [State] Department doubts whether it can ever get a White House go-ahead for serious negotiations [with Cuba]. Mr. Rebozo is closely tied to some particularly anti-Castro refugees around Miami, and Mr. Nixon is said to feel deeply on the Cuban affair."

The Party of Virtue

Four of the most prominent 1972 presidential aspirants from the Party of Virtue have behaved with remarkable insouciance in response to revelations contained in the draft report of the Ervin committee. According to investigators, Representative Wilbur Mills received campaign contributions of $130,000 from the dairy interests, who then solicited and obtained his support for a rise in milk prices. The report states that $25,000 from the same source went to Senator Hubert Humphrey, after which ditto. Questioned by reporters about these and other transactions, Representative Mills responded with some lack of originality: "It's all distorted. It's nothing but a bunch of lies. This is just a leak to smear me." Both congressmen refused to appear before the committee to answer questions, Senator Humphrey explaining that his appearance would "inconvenience" the committee's staff. The campaign managers of both Mills and Humphrey invoked the Fifth Amendment when asked to answer questions about campaign finances, and it turns out that the financial records of the Humphrey campaign were destroyed (shredded?) with unusual haste.

In 1972, George McGovern was calling us all home to a rebirth of morality in America, but, tricky George, he has now shown us a few new wrinkles in campaign financing. Last year, he asked his 1972 creditors to settle the debts for 50 cents on the dollar and his creditors obliged. Since he was indebted to 37 corporations, this settlement amounted to corporate contributions, which are illegal. Meanwhile, McGovern shifted $340,000 from his 1972 presidential campaign fund to his Senate reelection race this year.

Finally, Ervin committee investigators report that after a road-building firm made a $10,000 cash contribution to John Lindsay's abortive presidential campaign it received a $1.7-million contract from Mr. Lindsay's city government. Lindsay has not been heard from.

The allegations against the Nixon Administration, we note without comment, involve bribery by the milk interests, incriminating behavior on the part of top aides, destruction of evidence, and the use of illegal campaign contributions.

Torpedo for Teddy

Most journalism, political and otherwise, is ephemeral; but from time to time a reportorial job or a magazine article "enters history"—makes a visible difference in the march of events and in the ambitions of men. The *Washington Post* stories by Woodward and Bernstein helped to cause seismic changes in the political landscape presided over by Richard Nixon. If Senator Edward Kennedy fails to gain the Presidency, a principal roadblock may, in retrospect, be seen to have been an article by Robert Sherrill published in the July 14 *New*

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Teddy Watching

God knows he's got his problems. So?
I'm not exactly all aglow;
Besides my worry over Dick,
My paper losses make me *sick*.
Imagine my surprise to read
That Teddy's mounting a stampede
For Walter Mondale as The One,
Thus spiking Henry Jackson's gun
(Assuming that Himself is out—
A move I'm still inclined to doubt).
That's why each night I ask the Lord
To breathe some life in Gerald Ford.

W. H. VON DREELE

York Times Magazine, called "Chappaquiddick + 5." The article is a careful and detailed devastation of Kennedy's Chappaquiddick performance, and also an important political act in its own right.

To consider the politics first, the *Times*' decision to publish a piece highly damaging to Kennedy on the fifth anniversary of Chappaquiddick cannot but constitute a conscious signal. Indeed, it is hardly news that Kennedy is not the *Times*' favored candidate for President in 1976, the *Times*, in general, leaning to more schematic goo-goo types like John Lindsay, Charles Goodell, George McGovern, and, say, Walter Mondale, losers all. In the *Times*' evident disfavor, Senator Kennedy might reply with a smile: how many votes has the *Times*?

But the Sherrill essay does far more than signal a disapproving pursing of the lips. It says to Kennedy, and to his potential supporters in the Democratic Party, look, Kennedy has stonewalled it for five years. Here are the questions that will be thrown at him if he tries for the Presidency. Do you think he can stonewall and cover up all the way from here through the campaign and into the White House?

Sherrill is devastating. He casts doubt on the claimed motive for the Chappaquiddick party. He shows that a large discrepancy exists between the liquor supplied and the amount the guests claimed to have drunk. He shows, what everyone more or less recognizes, that it would be impossible for a driver to turn onto the dirt road to the fatal bridge by mistake. (The judge at the inquest, be it noted, did not believe Kennedy's story on that one.) Sherrill presents strong indications making plausible the conclusion that the five young women who supported various aspects of Kennedy's story were coached in their testimony. He analyzes Kennedy's story about the events of the evening and shows that the chronology offered is impossible, and, indeed, was flatly contradicted by a credible witness as well as, inferentially, by others.

All kinds of questions remain about the various actions performed by Kennedy after the accident and through the night. Sherrill's analysis leads to the conclusion that neither Kennedy, nor Gargan, nor Markham, did what he claimed to have done the night of the accident. An expert says that Senator Kennedy could not have escaped from the car in the manner claimed. Though conflicting testimony exists, there is strong reason to believe that Miss Kopechne lived for some time in the sunken car and, instead of drowning in seawater, died of suffocation when an air bubble was finally exhausted. Sherrill furthermore raises the question, implicitly, of the role played by several prominent Democratic wordsmiths, who flocked to Hyannis Port to craft Kennedy's coverup public explanation.

In short, Sherrill leads one to the conclusion that a variety of serious crimes may have been committed in connection with Chappaquiddick: manslaughter, perjury, subornation of perjury, obstruction of justice, possibly bribery.

The Sherrill article raises serious questions about the viability of Kennedy's current strategy. Apparently convinced that he has suffered all the damage that he can suffer from Chappaquiddick, Kennedy has "put it behind him" and is now turning aside all questions with a stock response: it is "on the record." The public "will have to decide." But the questions remain, alive as ever, more pressing perhaps than ever in a post-Watergate climate. Kennedy's options seem limited. It is too late for him to take "the hang-out road." But his opponents can hammer away at those questions all the way to November 1976. Robert Sherrill's "Chappaquiddick + 5" may stand squarely athwart Kennedy's royal road, shouting stop.

Legal Services, Final Round

The Legal Services Corporation bill working its way through the processes of congressional creation is still, after a number of changes, a disaster—a power grab by liberals, with funding to be supplied by the Federal Government. A few conservatives may accept the bill in its current form, but they have only been reading the label—equal justice under the law—not examining the contents. By "equal justice" the supporters really mean "free justice" which sounds good. But justice itself is already an elusive concept; making it free won't help us attain it.

The basic objection to the Legal Services Corporation bill is that the power of purchase is vested in the provider, i.e., the project attorney with a guaranteed annual salary, rather than in the consumer, the client. The attorneys, and the board that runs the corporation, will almost inevitably be activist liberals who will use government funds to promote their own causes—after picking the appropriate clients: gay liberation, women's rights, antiwar activitism, abortion, lobbying, and a host of other causes which are, at the very least, controversial. Not that there is anything un-American about con-

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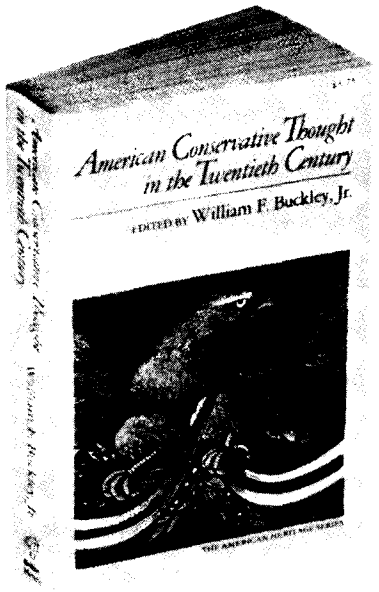
If you could fortify a student with advice from Wm. F. Buckley Jr., James Burnham, Whittaker Chambers, Milton Friedman, Henry Hazlitt (and others) wouldn't you welcome the opportunity?

Especially if the advice were FREE?



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troversy, but why should the taxpayer have to subsidize lawsuits against himself?

It may be true that the poor are in need of financial aid in order to receive the benefits of the law in personal cases—accidents, divorces. But in that case the financing can be done in a way other than one which allows left wing radicals to use the poor as the excuse, and taxpayer dollars as the means, to perform essentially legislative activities and alter the nature of American society. The Legal Services bill is worse—much worse—than no bill, and President Nixon can be judged by his disposition of it.

Ever Hear of Reflation?

Since Americans and Europeans are paying more for Arab oil, they have less money left over for other things. As a result, other businesses, such as cattle raising, are having a hard time passing on inflated costs. To make it easier, and thereby to transform a specific price increase into another general price increase, the London *Economist* is suggesting "reflating" demand with tax cuts. "If the Arabs do not choose to use their extra revenue to buy goods and services from the rest of the world," says the *Economist*, "there is no transfer of real resources from it to them. There is therefore no need for real incomes to be cut in order to release resources that will not be called upon." From which it follows that the Western nations pump another $60 billion or so back into their economies to offset the money sent to oil producing nations.

This beguiling argument, stripped of Keynesian camouflage, implies that the Arabs are hoarding money they will never spend—i.e., that they are willing to trade their oil for literally nothing. Actually, many OPEC nations are buying lots of stuff from the West, and until very recently the Arabs imported more from the U.S. than we did from them. Arab states are also acquiring assets, which are simply claims to real resources in the future. The *Economist*'s argument is like saying we can safely offset all the money locked into stocks, bonds, and savings accounts, because it will never be spent.

It is impossible to believe that real resources "will not be called upon" at some point, adding the Arab demands to our own "reflated" demand, unless we intend to default on our liabilities. One way of defaulting is, of course, to reduce the real value of assets through inflation: a 7 per cent bond during a 12 per cent inflation yields less than nothing. But investors, including Arabs, are not in a mood to be tricked again soon. So, the capital market will have to pay rates which compensate for inflation, whether this is explicit (e.g., Citibank's variable bonds) or not. Nor is it possible to drive up domestic purchasing power without thereby allowing OPEC oil prices to be higher than otherwise—leaving us back where we started, but at a higher rate of inflation.

On the unlikely assumption that the price of Arab oil does not continue to decline, Europe and the U.S. will have to make their goods or investments more attractive to oil producing nations. "Reflating" domestic prices, and defaulting on liabilities, is hardly the best way to achieve that end.

Exit Warren

As so often is the case when big figures bow out, the sycophants fill the air with threnodies to their virtues. The evolution of the ruler into the tyrant is, as often, accomplished by the devolution of the citizen into the subject. One would have hoped that the surveys on Mr. Warren's performance would at least have acknowledged the view profoundly and passionately felt by men of great training and conscience, that he was a disaster to the Constitution of the United States, to the highest standards of jurisprudence, and to the federal system: which is a lot for one Justice to be.

Here is how it was recently put by one scholar (Professor McClellan of Emory University, in *Modern Age*):

> There has never been a Supreme Court quite like the Warren Court. A Gallup poll indicates it is not following the election returns; bills to curb this most powerful Court in American history flutter ominously in congressional hoppers; more and more law reviews bulge with scathing censures of the Court's behavior; constitutional scholars abandon the Court by increasing numbers; and even those who smile upon the results of the decisions are embarrassed by the grotesque reasoning of the Justices. If future historians fail to look upon the Warren Court as the greatest disaster in American legal history, they will surely have to agree it is the most incompetent Court ever assembled at any one time.

This may appear excessive. And it is fashionable to dismiss criticism of Mr. Warren's Court by attributing it to hoarse and philistine right wingers, forgetting the early warnings against Earl Warren lodged by such as Professor Edward Corwin of Princeton, Judge Learned Hand, or, for that matter, the supreme court justices of the several states.

The most telling denunciations have come from its own members. A partial catalogue:

The Warren Court is—

Earl's Tombstone

The Constitution made him gag.
Sir Edward Coke was not his bag.
He thumbed his nose at settled laws,
Relying mostly on "Because."
He catered to defendants' needs.
He couldn't get enough of Swedes.
He's up (or down) somewhere—too late—
Directing *them* to INTEGRATE.

W. H. VON DREELE

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1. RECKLESS. ". . . The Court, in my opinion, has forgotten the sense of judicial restraint which, with due regard for *stare decisis*, is one element that should enter into deciding whether a past decision of this Court should be overruled." Harlan, joined by Frankfurter and Whittaker (*Mapp* v. *Ohio*).

2. DISLOCATIVE. ". . . Such a massive repudiation of the experience of our whole past in asserting destructively novel judicial power demands a detailed analysis of the role of this Court in our constitutional scheme." Frankfurter, joined by Harlan (*Baker* v. *Carr*).

3. MALADROIT. ". . . There is nothing judicially more unseemly nor more self-defeating than for this Court to make *in terrorem* pronouncements, to indulge in merely empty rhetoric, sounding a word of promise to the ear, sure to be disappointing to the hope." (Ibid.)

4. ARBITRARY. "Supported by no stronger authority than its own rhetoric, the Court today converts a routine police investigation of an unsolved murder into a distorted analogue of a judicial trial. . . . I think the Court perverts those precious constitutional guarantees, and frustrates the vital interests of society in preserving the legitimate and proper function of honest and purposeful police investigation." Stewart (*Escobedo* v. *State of Illinois*).

5. ECCENTRIC. "Today's decision cannot be squared with other provisions of the Constitution which, in my view, define the system of criminal justice this Court is empowered to administer." White, joined by Clark and Stewart (*Escobedo* v. *State of Illinois*).

6. PRESUMPTUOUS. "I think that the New York law here held invalid is in full accord with all the guarantees of the federal Constitution and that it should not be held invalid by this Court because of a belief that the Court can improve on the Constitution." Black, joined by Clark (*Jackson* v. *Denno*).

7. ILLOGICAL. ". . . The Court's talk about 'debasement' and 'dilution' of the vote is a model of circular reasoning, in which the premises of the argument feed on the conclusion." Harlan (*Wesberry* v. *Sanders*).

8. SUBVERSIVE. "The claim for judicial relief in this case strikes at one of the fundamental doctrines of our system of government, the separation of powers." (Ibid.)

9. USURPATORY. "The Court's elaboration of its new 'constitutional' doctrine indicates how far—and how unwisely—it has strayed from the appropriate bounds of its authority. . . . It is difficult to imagine a more intolerable and inappropriate interference by the Judiciary with the independent legislatures of the States. . . . When, in the name of constitutional interpretation, the Court adds something to the Constitution that was deliberately excluded from it, the Court in reality substitutes its view of what should be so for the amending process." Harlan (*Reynolds* v. *Sims*).

10. IRRESPONSIBLE. "I do not find one paragraph, one sentence, one clause, or one word in the 1964 Act on which the most strained efforts of the most fertile imagination could support such a conclusion . . . [as] the Court gives it today." Black (*Hamm* v. *Rock Hill*).

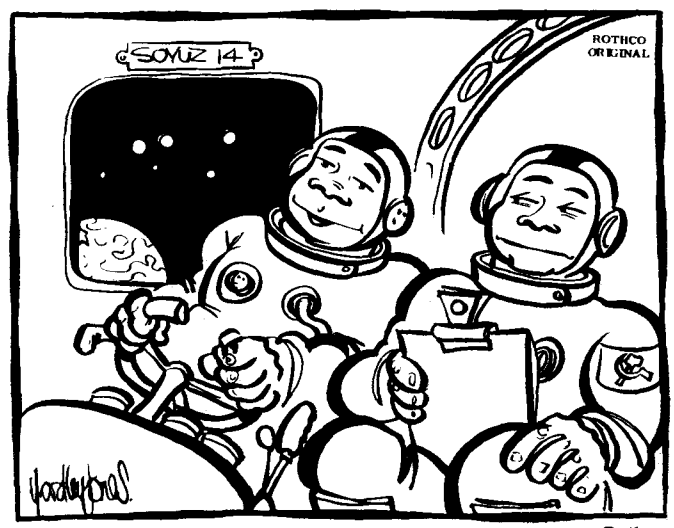
If one had to name the single greatest subversion of the Warren Court, it is this: that, typically, it has brought people around to where they approve of it, or disapprove of it, depending on whether they like, or do not like, the policies it endorses. It has thus contributed to the decline of constitutional government.

The above words appeared in NATIONAL REVIEW in the issue of July 16, 1968, as commentary on the resignation of Earl Warren as Chief Justice. It seems appropriate, however unceremonious, to reprint them now. The trauma of the last two years has had to do with readjusting the relationship between the Executive and the government of a self-governing people. The relationship between the Judiciary and a self-governing people has by no means been readjusted, since the distortions of the Warren Court. There are signs of progress, but that is as far as one can go. Concerning Earl Warren the man, there is no doubting his personal integrity or devotion to his work; but most obituaries, understandably, focus on the public man, rather than the private man.

John Crowe Ransom, R I P

He had a cool, subtle, astringent mind, as cautious of enthusiasm as an Augustan moralist's. "Shakespeare," he once wrote, "could put a character into a situation that called for a desperate speech, and give him one. But he could not seat this character at the table to compose a finished poem, and then let him stand up and deliver it." By "a finished poem" he meant something that held together like an icosahedron, point tightly sustaining point and the whole symmetrical. By "a desperate speech" he meant a streaming by of effects, in which the audience collaborates by asking no questions.

And he was born to a world that is run by the equiva-



Jones Rothco

"A space linkup with the American comrade! Oh the glory, the honor, the chance to defect . . ."

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lent of desperate speeches, a world in which there are questions we do not ask. All its doings, its cities and its commerce and its travel, are modes of desperate unquestioned oratory; so are the gestures of its refusers.

"What is man's good?" was the kind of question Ransom thought it pertinent to ask. It got him a reputation for being reactionary, which seems to have neither pleased nor bothered him.

The group of which for a decade he was the center of gravity (they had also a picador—Allen Tate—and a guru—Donald Davidson) were called the Fugitives though it is hard to imagine Ransom in flight. He and his prose had an undisplaceable quality, foundation stones set firmly into the ground. His writing never lifts its voice, feeling no such need.

> I am a gentleman in a dustcoat trying
> To make you hear. Your ears are soft and small
> And listen to an old man not at all,
> They want the young men's whispering and sighing. . . .

—That was, pretty much, his tone, and the figure of an old man talking to young beauty makes a pleasant analogy for his patient persistence, though he was not feeling old when he wrote the poem, and was amusing himself with impersonating Death, the ultimate reactionary.

Few serious poets have amused themselves so drily, or so continually.

> Crocodile ponders the marrying of a wife
> With a ready-made fortune and a ready-made family;
> The lady is not a poem, she is homily,
> And he hates the rectangular charms of the virtuous life.

If you had asked Ransom what *that* meant—one of 18 stanzas on a dreadful grinning virtuoso named Robert Crocodile—he would have worked round to his reason why poems get written: "Something is continually being killed by prose which the poet wants to preserve." No better reason has ever been formulated. Like his Crocodile, it is as ineluctable as was he.

His poems resist explanation—though he pleasantly explained some of them—and won't go away. His lifelong intent was to open minds to unpersuadable rigors, not accessible to fickle attention. He valued the act of criticism because it can be an occasion for the critic's language to be *about* something it can clarify but not subdue. He taught literature for the same reason: to demonstrate, over and over, what it means not to *replace* your subject with your discourse about it. He could make a difference to students, but not to Milton.

We need to keep our heads, he thought, and not grow enthusiastic about our triumphs of levelheadedness. It was a lesson he was content to personify rather than iterate. Since he personified it in the vicinity of literature, in the quickening presence of language, it entered osmotically the mental habits language shapes. It is largely because of Ransom that the teaching of literature in American schools and colleges has been freed both from gush about souls and pedantry about history. In his long lifetime, at Vanderbilt and at Kenyon, through associates and colleagues and readers, in the classroom and in the *Kenyon Review* he founded and edited, in the teaching of his students and in textbooks written according to his lights, he exerted more influence on humane learning in America than possibly anyone else in this century.

HUGH KENNER

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill:
Perhaps some of your readers will want to know that I will definitely be in the United States, available for lecturing, during October and November. Lecture arrangements are made directly with me, here at Lans, Tyrol, Austria. Cordially,
Erik v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn

Dear Erik:
Glad to oblige. Let me know about those you will give in the New York area, and I'll attend them all. Cordially,
Bill

■ Mr. Alton Frye
Council on Foreign Relations
New York
Dear Mr. Frye:

Thank you for your kind letter urging me to accept Mr. Rockefeller's invitation to join the Council on Foreign Relations, and for the enclosures, which I have looked over.

I am inclined to bow to your courtesy, and accept your kind invitation to join the Council. But I feel I should say a word or two. The reason for the rather extraordinary period of my exclusion did not transpire in our discussion. I was nominated for membership in 1965, and invited to join in 1974. I am required to conclude either that the opposition to my election was personal, in which case it was presumably expressed by one or two members with administrative leverage now dissipated; or that it was ideological, in which case it has apparently been diluted either as a result of a changed attitude by certain members of the Council toward foreign relations, or of a changed attitude of my own toward foreign relations; or of a changed understanding by certain members of the Council of my positions toward foreign relations.

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Two Cheers for Jackson

I don't say we're like Lydia,
  Which vanished from the map,
Or doomed to fall like ancient Gaul,
  Or like your modern Jap.
But if we give the Soviets
  Precisely what they want,
They'll scrawl this cheer upon our bier:
  "Let's hear it for detente!"

W. H. VON DREELE

You will I hope understand that I am necessarily curious about this. If the matter was documented to have been personal, I have no further interest in it. If otherwise, I could conceivably be made to feel uncomfortable. I note that among your members are many of my personal friends, and that with a few of them, I have practically no political differences. I say all this because I think it prudent to record that I cannot know in advance whether I can be useful to the Council, or it to me. I am not in the least disposed to ambush the Council by accepting an invitation to join it, merely in order to resign from it in horrified reaction to a contrived affront. On the other hand, I would feel free to reevaluate my membership a year or so from now. And I ask only that if I should at that point decide negatively, weighing the rather unusual circumstances of my induction, you resist any temptation to think of me as having acted capriciously. For instance, as a U.S. delegate to the United Nations for the 28th General Assembly, I did much observing, which is now a book, soon to be published. I would be sorry if that journal gravely disappointed, let alone embarrassed, my fellow members. Concretely again, I am disposed to urge one or two vigorous and highly qualified contemporaries to join the Council, and somewhere along the line I want to know that, assuming the Admissions Committee agreed on their professional qualifications and personal virtues, they would not expect ten years to go by before hearing from the Committee.

If you think you and Mr. Manning would prefer to touch on these points over lunch or whatever, rather than proceed with my induction, I would be happy to consider this a qualified acceptance, and happy in any event for the opportunity to converse with you. In any event, since the Council has a political reputation of sorts, I hope you understand it if I publish this letter in my personal column in NATIONAL REVIEW. Yours faithfully,
—WFB

■ Dr. Mr. Buckley:

I am stranded here without my reference library for a couple of weeks, and have come across a sentence from Terence used as an epigraph of sorts, which I am unable to translate. Would you be so kind as to do so, and let me have it in the enclosed envelope? It is: "*Bono animo es: tu cum illa te intus oblecta interim et lectulos iube sterni nobis et parari cetera.*" Many thanks.

M. Patrick Glenville
Sun Valley, Idaho

Dear Mr. Glenville: It defeats me, sorry, and also one or two of my colleagues. Normally, I would write to Garry Wills and ask him to translate it for me. However, I am so outraged by his recent stupid, preposterous column on the Shockley debate at Yale, I declared a 90-day moratorium on any correspondence with him. There are still 32 days left. If you can hold out, I'll ask him then, and ship you out the translations to Sun Valley. Yours cordially,
—WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I was very much shocked to read the review you wrote of Charles Neider's *Edge of the World* in the *New York Times Book Review* [June 23, 1974] and see: "Charles Neider's big book can be read by boys who love adventure . . ." I felt discounted as a girl, and I am disappointed that you either choose to use trite phrases, or that you simply don't believe it makes a difference. From almost anyone else I would believe it; from you I don't want to accept it. I grew up reading adventure stories about boys and men in all the classics, and I longed for adventure stories about girls and women. Luckily I have become an adventurist and I love canoeing, sailing, backpacking, etc. Many, many women also love adventure and are active sports women: your including women (or girls) in this idea will acknowledge this fact, and could influence other small and large girls to love adventure and go to Antarctica, even. Sincerely yours,
Marcy F. Shapiro
Schenectady, New York

Dear Miss Shapiro: Your letter has prompted an extensive reply. See p. 885. Cordially,
—WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Following up on a letter from Hugh Kenner in the June 7 issue, how come he gets *NR* free and I have to pay for it? He apparently agrees with you and I disagree with you. Shouldn't you give the free copies to those whom you are trying to convert? Please reply before my next renewal. Sincerely,
Robert Kahn
Robert Kahn and Associates
Lafayette, Calif.

Dear Mr. Kahn: Turn back two pages to p. 853. Read the obituary on John Crowe Ransom by Hugh Kenner. Write us an obituary on anybody, same length, approximate quality, and receive *NR* free, for life, with love.
—WFB

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Washington Games

BACK IN THE DAYS when men were men and priorities were properly ordered, the University of Chicago had an important football team. In fact they had Coach Alonzo Stagg and a steamroller of a football team. Then the wretched professors gained the ascendancy and put an end to the glory. But in its preoccupation with things academic the University of Chicago acquired a crackerjack economics department, home of the "Chicago school" of free market economists, and that is why the University is a football power again. Sort of.

The mighty National Football League has been thrown for a loss by a players' strike organized by a labor union that is aflame with the Truth According to Professor Milton Friedman, star broken-field runner of the Chicago economists. The union, the NFL Players Association (NFLPA), is quartered on Connecticut Avenue in Washington, about a mile north of the White House. One might prefer that Professor Friedman's free market faith would be taken more to heart one mile south of the NFLPA, but it is nice to see it adhered to anywhere in Washington. At the NFLPA the diminutive Professor Friedman, who is about as tall as a waterbucket and weighs about as much as a lineman's shoulder pads, is a football hero because he is the Karl Marx of the NFLPA's peculiar proletariat.

Professional sports are virtually exempt from antitrust legislation. So the NFL owners can collaborate in parceling out player talent in a way that completely eliminates all chances for what the owners call "ruinous" (read: costly) competition that would bid up the players' salaries. The owners use three related devices to hold down players' salaries.

The common draft. All players leaving college are "drafted" by a particular team which thereby acquires exclusive rights to negotiate with him. The player comes to terms with that team, or he does not play in the NFL. For a few years in the 1960s the players had an alternative (other than playing in Canada) in the rival American Football League. But the owners got Congress to permit a merger of the AFL and the NFL, thereby snuffing out the competition for player talent. (What Congress did was pass a measure stipulating that the merger—the purpose of which was to restrain competition—should not be considered an antitrust violation. The key senator was Democrat Russell Long of Louisiana, chairman of the Finance Committee. It was at this time that the NFL awarded New Orleans an NFL franchise.) If the new World Football League is a success, watch for Congress to authorize a merger before the competition becomes "ruinous."

The reserve clause. A player is owned by an NFL team for 12 months after the expiration of his contract. If a player signs a one-year contract (as most do) he cannot try to sell his services to another team until a full season after his contract has expired. If a player wants to become a "free agent" —free to merchandise his talents as best he can among the 26 NFL teams —he plays a year for his old team at 90 per cent of the salary he made during the previous season. But there is a catch, and it is called . . .

The Rozelle Rule. NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle, who is paid over $200,000 a year by the owners, is empowered by the owners to punish an owner who signs a free agent. What he does is not called punishment. It is called demanding restitution. After a team signs a free agent, Rozelle stipulates the price—in players or cash or both—that the team signing the free agent must pay to the team from which the free agent escaped. The real and intended effect of the Rozelle Rule is to make teams reluctant to sign free agents, and thus to discourage players from becoming free agents. This year only 19 of the approximately 1,300 NFL players became free agents.

The current players' strike has been remarkably effective so far. The players probably will settle—this year—for something like abolition of the Rozelle Rule. But the ideological fires have been lit and football never will be the same, thanks to the players' discovery of Professor Friedman. George Berman, who used to knock people down for the Washington Redskins, spent his spare time, in school and in the NFL, becoming a disciple of Professor Friedman. He is responsible for those signs the beefy picketers are carrying outside the NFL teams' training camps—the signs that say "Up the Oligopsony." You don't know what the word means? Look it up. Or ask a football player.

I have recounted this little labor squabble that has been masterminded in Washington by the NFLPA because aside from the NFLPA's activities nothing intelligent has happened in Washington recently.

CAPITOL NOTES. Herbert Stein, head of the Council of Economic Advisers, has looked the American people in the eye and assigned blame for inflation. Stein, whose job is to advise the Administration on economic policy, says the American people are to blame because they did not demand higher taxes from an Administration that pledged in 1972 that it would not raise taxes between 1973 and 1976. . . . James St. Clair, the lawyer for the President of the United States, has argued before the Supreme Court that a) Mr. Nixon has no obligation to turn over evidence that the prosecutors say is necessary for trials of Mr. Nixon's indicted co-conspirators; b) Mr. Nixon's right to refuse the evidence is a matter of "executive privilege"; c) although executive privilege is not mentioned in the Constitution, it is a constitutionally "implied" power; d) but the Supreme Court, which since *Marbury* v. *Madison* (1803) has been construing the Constitution, has no right to review the exercise of this particular constitutional power. . . . Ronald Ziegler has said that Mr. Nixon was just "being a devil's advocate" and "was not ordering a coverup plan" when he said (on March 22, 1973) to some of his subsequently indicted co-conspirators: "I want you all to stonewall it, let them plead the Fifth Amendment, cover up, or anything else, if it'll save it—save the plan." □

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Detente (Deletions)

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

MANY HISTORIANS have noted that in their conduct of foreign policy Americans are much given to moralizing. If we may believe our spokesmen, we do not enter into wars, alliances, boycotts, aid programs, and sundry interventions into the affairs of other nations, in order to advance a commercial or geopolitical interest or even, primarily, to defend our homeland. Our aim is to show mankind the blessings of liberty (as the Fathers phrased it), to make the world safe for democracy, to guard the four freedoms from totalitarian destruction, to protect an innocent country from foreign aggressors, to give a people the chance to make their own choice of government, and so on.

Citizens of other nations are often impatient with this moralizing. Some prominent Americans have also been disparaging, George Kennan conspicuous among them. Ambassador Kennan does not, however, like many of the foreign critics, dismiss our moralizing as merely a cover for hardboiled behavior. He thinks that it exerts a significant influence on the substance of our foreign policy, usually for the worse. The moralistic abstractions, he argues, tend to obscure the realities of power and interest and lead us to adopt utopian, self-defeating goals, in the vain pursuit of which we often cause more waste and damage than benefit to ourselves and others.

The Kissinger-Nixon (or Nixon-Kissinger) mode of diplomacy is widely judged to have broken with this moralizing tradition. It is described as realistic, pragmatic, nonutopian, and nonideological, basing itself on things as they are, not as we might have wished them to be. This is the frame within which Secretary Kissinger and the President motivate their policy of detente toward the two major Communist powers. Whether we like it or not, China and the Soviet Union are *there*. Though our system of government differs greatly from theirs, we should nevertheless try to develop relations with them that will further what we may assume to be common aims: specifically, to decrease the chance of nuclear war and to promote mutually beneficial trade.

I am not going to discuss here the substance of the detente policy, but I want to comment on one persistent feature of the Nixon-Kissinger conduct of the policy. For simplicity I shall restrict my reference to detente with the Soviet Union.

To Speak or Not to Speak?

The President and the Secretary of State interpret detente to require the renunciation not only of any effort on our part to influence domestic Soviet affairs but also of any serious public criticism of the Soviet system or Soviet actions.

Over the past couple of years, no U.S. spokesman has had anything to say in public about the stepped-up Soviet repression of dissidents or even about the profoundly totalitarian practice of imprisoning dissidents, real or alleged, in mental hospitals run by the secret police. No U.S. spokesmen were heard on the Solzhenitsyn or Sakharov affairs. The full weight of the Administration is brought *against* Senator Jackson's attempt to gain a normal human freedom to emigrate as a *quid* for some of our detente concessions. There is no pressure to persuade the Soviet government that friendly relations are impossible while 95 per cent of their country is out of bounds to visitors. The idea of "captive nations" vanishes from official discourse. No public protest is made when the Soviet broadcasting service blocks transmissions to the U.S. during the last Summit, in direct violation of formal agreements. The President tells the Annapolis graduating class that we should not advise the Russians how to run their own affairs. At the last UN Assembly session, the U.S. delegates were not permitted to discuss, even in the Human Rights Commission, the hardening Soviet repression. At last year's preliminary meeting of the European Security Conference, the U.S. delegation took virtually no part in the discussion of "freedom of movement for persons and ideas."

Six brief observations:

1. If the foundation of detente is so fragile that it would be shattered by sober discussion of the Soviet system and Soviet practices, then detente can't be worth much.

2. This official silence inevitably miseducates public opinion in this country; in effect it amounts to systematic censorship that blots out the Soviet reality. The Nixon-Kissinger silence communicates, by omission, the same message as the wartime Roosevelt-Wallace effusions: good old Brezhnev reincarnates good old Uncle Joe.

3. It is not the case that KGB repression and the absence of freedom of movement for persons and ideas—to take two key examples—are merely "domestic questions," as Nixon urged at Annapolis. They are of the totalitarian essence; they make normal relations with the Soviet Union impossible. The Nixon-Kissinger speak-no-evil version of detente implies acceptance of Soviet totalitarian practices. The Kremlin therefore feels no need to abandon them; has, rather, extended and intensified them since Nixon made the detente turn.

4. Many non-Communist governments do not share the extreme caution, or timidity, of Messrs. Kissinger and Nixon about hurting Communist feelings. Numerous heads of government spoke out on the Solzhenitsyn affair.

Other Cheek Turned

5. And the Soviet government in no way exhibits the Nixon-Kissinger sort of qualms. Day after day, in the official press and broadcasts and through the global apparatus, harsh attacks on the policies and practices of the U.S. and on U.S. officials and citizens continue. The latest outburst in the official government newspaper *Izvestia* includes our poor liberals in the enemy list, along with "the military-industrial complex, anachronistic imperialist reaction, Zionist circles, professional anti-Communists, and antisemites of all breeds."

6. This asymmetry in the matter of speaking out parallels asymmetries observable in the strategic arms negotiations and in the trade deals. In each case the U.S. appears in the figure of the suppliant approaching hat in hand, eyes downcast, and voice humbly lowered. □

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DOMINOES

Ike gave us the domino metaphor when he was justifying economic aid to South Vietnam. Now, 20 years later, the dominoes are in as bad shape as the theory

A Passage through Indochina

DANIEL OLIVER

SHORTLY BEFORE Easter I went off to investigate two Southeast Asian dominoes, Vietnam and "the bright spot of our Indochina policy," as Henry Kissinger had described Laos two days earlier. My brother, who is an archaeologist, and I arrived in Saigon from Vientiane, the administrative capital of Laos. We had been in Vientiane while the coalition government of rightists, neutralists, and Communists (the Pathet Lao) was being formed, in accordance with the peace agreement signed more than a year earlier, on February 21, 1973.

The leader of the neutralists, Prince Souvanna Phouma, was pleased at having drawn his 62-year-old half-brother, the "Red Prince," Souphanouvong, leader of the Pathet Lao, into the coalition. I asked him about American aid. He said it would be a pity if American aid were cut off now, but he thought that under the circumstances, the Soviets and Chinese would make it up. Clearly he was optimistic about the survival of the coalition. I asked why. Because, he replied, there is a great national desire for peace and reconciliation. (I had been at the airport a few days before when the two brothers arrived back, on separate planes, from Luang Prabang, the royal capital, and the crowd was indeed enthusiastic, but aren't they always?) And then, as if we had spoken not a word together, Souvanna Phouma said that if American aid were cut off the country would go Communist immediately. Even if we didn't cut off aid, how, I asked, would he cope with the North Vietnamese troops in Laos? They would take that up in discussions after the New Year's celebrations. The New Year was about a week off, and I wished him a pleasant rest in preparation for the celebrations. Souvanna Phouma is 72, and even before his heart attack one scenario had him going to Paris in two or three years for reasons of health—never to return, leaving the country to his Communist half-brother.

Clearly two years may be optimistic. Active fighting in Laos was minimal this spring, while discussions were going on. No doubt this is why Kissinger referred to Laos as the bright spot. But the New Year's celebrations are past now, there are 30,000 to 50,000 North Vietnamese troops in the country, and the Pathet Lao are ever more firmly in control of the countryside.

What would it matter if Laos went Communist? The Ho Chi Minh trail in Laos has been secure for the Communists for years. And anyway, a new road has been constructed inside Vietnam, reducing the two- to three-month journey from North Vietnam to just north of Saigon to about 15 days. Has Laos any strategic meaning left for South Vietnam? Perhaps not. But, said Souvanna Phouma, it has a lot for Thailand.

Many assume the coalition will go the way of all coalitions that include Communists. There are reasons in Laos for thinking otherwise. The North Vietnamese have what they want: the trail, and Laos as a buffer zone. They are concentrating now on securing South Vietnam, and have little reason for wanting the flow of U.S. dollars into Laos cut off. Besides, they could have taken over the country at any time before this. It is held by some U.S. officials to be in the best interests of Hanoi, Peking, Moscow, and Washington that Laos remain neutral—whether or not Vietnam is united. These are some of the reasons, not entirely convincing, why the coalition might survive, but they are complex—perhaps too complex for the Pathet Lao.

Our flight leaving Vientiane was delayed about an hour because some heroin was found on the plane. The Worldwide Community of Alienated Intellectuals (Graham Martin's term) will take that as proof sufficient of ubiquitous free-Indochinese corruption. Why then was it found? No doubt, the WCAI would claim, because of the insufficiency of Peter Lorre's bribe—they can't do anything right . . .

THE RIDE to the Continental Palace Hotel made it clear that we were back with the lights—Broadway, compared to Vientiane. Saigon is like one of the less fashionable arrondissements of Paris, if Paris were depressed to a lower latitude, and had more Hondas. Whatever the Thieu government may not know how to do, it knows how to deal with a gas shortage: let the price rise. It's now $1.80 a gallon. Consumption is down 40 per cent, and there is no other form of rationing. My brother and I had a contest the first day we were in Saigon, the object of which was to spot the Honda carrying the most people, loser to buy beer on the terrace of the Continental. He saw a family of five—the father aiming, mother and three children clinging. But I won; also with a family of five, only the children were older.

The Continental Palace is a French colonial structure, on Tu Do street, formerly (i.e., Graham Greene's time) the Rue Catinat. The rooms are huge, with bare white walls

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and eight-speed aeroplane fans hanging down from the ceiling gently swizzling the air. Facsimiles are available, I believe, at the ritzier stores in the U.S., though probably not with the superbly polished rheostatic controls. The Continental's elevator is a classic; but the peacocks which used to inhabit the courtyard are gone, casualties, probably, of the endless war. For a first visit, the Continental is simply required; for a long stay, it would depress—or build character.

We sat having my victory beer on the terrace watching the traffic race past frenetically at an average of about 60 miles a gallon, and fending off little boys selling paperback books. The selections varied, but there were some constants including *The Quiet American*. In the famous jeremiad, Graham Greene's American tells the Englishman, as they argue politics while stuck in a watchtower late one night: "You have to fight for liberty." The Englishman is caustic, if not prophetic: "I haven't seen any Americans

A crippled boy hobbled past hawking a copy of the Pentagon Papers, *saying, "You want to buy the story of the Vietnam war?" No. I read it, and wrote it, at the office*

fighting around here." Seventeen years later the Americans have come and gone, but liberty for Vietnam—here defined as security from northern Communist hegemony—if it is coming at all, is probably still years away. And American stamina, a prerequisite for that liberty, may not last out the stretch. While we were sitting on the terrace, a crippled boy hobbled past hawking a copy of the *Pentagon Papers*, saying, "You want to buy the story of the Vietnam war?" No. I read it, and wrote it, at the office.

We flew to Hué early one morning having borrowed $100 in piastres the night before, after the banks had closed, from Jim Markham, the quiet and friendly *New York Times* bureau chief in Saigon. Air Vietnam won't take credit cards. On the way to Hué we put down briefly at Pleiku, the most heavily fortified airfield I had ever seen. Bunkers, watchtowers, sandbags, low flying helicopters—all very forbidding for the stranger to war. The week before, the son of one of Markham's office boys had stepped on a land mine in Pleiku and disappeared. We picked shell casings off the tarmac, and then flew on to Hué.

The airport at Hué was more inviting. A bus took us to the city, about 30 minutes away. The houses and shops of the little villages along the way were crowded onto the side of the road, like movie sets. I saw a dozen sewing machines being worked, foot-powered so far as I could tell, as the bus charged through the streets, and I thought of Graham Greene again. The Englishman is being questioned at the Sûreté about what the American does in Saigon. "He belongs to the American economic mission. You know the kind of thing—electrical sewing machines for starving seamstresses." A well-worked Chinese proverb goes, "Give a man a fish and you feed him for a day; teach a man to fish and you feed him for a lifetime." I hoped all the machines had been given by the American mission.

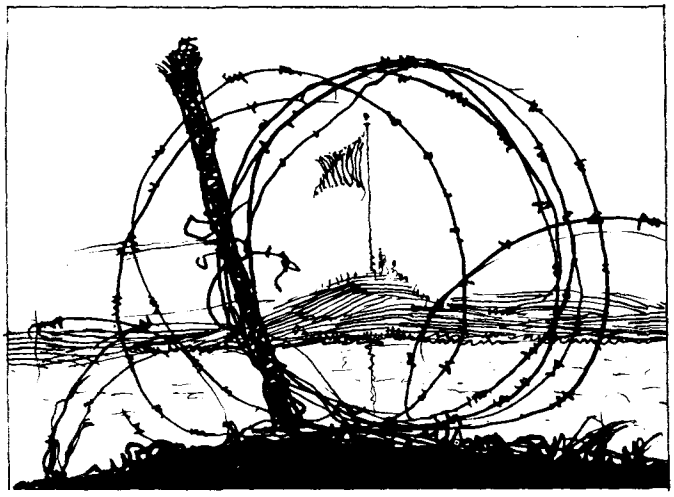
Quang Tri was destruction, rubble, bombed churches, bombed buildings, rusting mechanical viscera, old tires—with a light cover of spring flowers

I hired an old jeep in Hué to take me to Quang Tri, the town on the demarcation line, the river Thich Han. I had checked with the U.S. Embassy in Saigon about the safety of the trip. The road was secure, they assured me, but closed at night. I made the driver change the left rear tire, which was worn bald—I didn't want to spend the night arguing politics in a watchtower.

The drive up Highway 1, which stretches from Saigon to Hanoi, was picturesque, stark, dramatic. Rice fields next to the road, mountains in the distance; refugee camps; dead tanks on and beside the road; soldiers guarding each end of every bridge, and the middles of the larger ones; railroad bridges, mostly blown, otherwise guarded. I was never sure whether to be nervous when I saw soldiers, or when I didn't.

The bigwigs go from Hué to Quang Tri in a chopper, but it's better to drive on Highway 1. When the Communists came south across the Thich Han and through Quang Tri the people fled before them and were slaughtered on that part of Highway 1 that became known as the Road of Terror. Their uncharacteristic abandonment of their ancestors' bones should give us pause to think; and the lie to those who say the South Vietnamese are waiting and hoping for victory for the North Vietnamese. The best estimates are that in a free election the North couldn't manage to win more than 10 per cent, which explains why the North continues to attach impossible prerequisites to elections.

Quang Tri was destruction, rubble, bombed churches, bombed buildings, rusting mechanical viscera, old tires—with a light cover of spring flowers. I was told not to stray from the road—there were unexploded land mines everywhere. I could see where the prisoners had been exchanged on both banks of the Thich Han. Across the river the fluttering Commie flag reminded one of the glories of the workers' paradise, two of whose representatives, one Hungarian and one Pole, members of the International Commission of Control and Supervision, defected to the West. Very



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embarrassing. Two weeks after I was at Quang Tri it was shelled again, though surely not at the place I had been, where there was little upright except posts bearing loudspeakers beaming the word across the river at—loudspeakers beaming a different word across the river in return. Three Marines were killed in the shelling, seven wounded.

The bus for Danang leaves Hué every 15 minutes from 7:15 in the morning on, with no need for a reservation. The trip takes about two hours. The scenery is brutal and breathtaking. We passed military barracks, a training ground with obstacle courses, out of date depots, all surrounded with barbed wire and watchtowers. And vast cemeteries in the sand. Soldiers wearing infinite shades of green belong to this landscape, though because they look so heartbreakingly young they must be at play. Schoolgirls in immaculate *ao dai* (long skirts slit up the sides, worn over flaring trousers) do not belong. Much of the way, the road runs along the railroad, which is being repaired now. Then up over the mountains—the railroad goes through—into the clouds. At the pass, more soldiers, and more barbed wire. Then the South China Sea, and the beaches of Danang. Soldiers who served in Danang say it was ruined by the American troops. Even so, Danang is beautiful, potentially a resort, waiting for violation by Conrad Hilton and attendant pollution. Tourism, one suspects, is not likely to be Vietnam's next industry. But not because Vietnam doesn't need it: new industries and investments are precisely what Vietnam needs now.

BACK IN SAIGON I asked Nguyen Duc Cuong, the Minister of Trade and Industry, about Vietnam's numerous economic problems. Unemployment is up. As is the deficit. As is inflation, which was higher than 50 per cent last year and will be the same or worse this year. The government has embarked on an austerity program—raising the price of gas is one step—and that has not led to widespread popularity. The deficit is more than $100 million in an economy the gross national product of which is only $2.567 billion. But exports are up. The unemployment is due partly, Cuong said, to the disappearance of the American troops, which supported a large service industry. Cuong estimated the dollar input from the presence of American troops was between $600 and $800 million. He pointed out that the United States still has 38,000 troops in Korea.

Vietnam is badly in need of foreign investments, and Cuong hoped that OPIC (Overseas Private Investment Corporation) would extend its insurance to investments in Vietnam. OPIC is a Federal Government corporation which encourages U.S. private investment in developing nations through political risk insurance. OPIC is authorized to insure investments in Yugoslavia and Rumania, and recently did insure its first venture in a Communist country when it wrote a $1.3-million policy on an investment in Yugoslavia. In a recent bill passed by the House of Representatives extending OPIC's life there is a provision that would permit the prudent exercise of OPIC's authority to facilitate the rebuilding of wartorn Indochina—subject to consultation with the responsible congressional committees, i.e., clearance for each investment insured in Vietnam from the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and the House Foreign Affairs Committee. If OPIC were to cover $20 million in investments, American aid could be cut by that amount or, as Cuong hopes, not cut but applied elsewhere.

I asked Cuong if he would rather have a lot of American economic aid for a short period of time or less aid for a longer time. He said a massive infusion would be more useful. It would get the country moving again, and help convince the skeptics that Vietnam would survive. But the cynic has it all figured out. The present government wants maximum aid in minimum time, the more to skim off and send to Switzerland before the government's imminent collapse, or the ministers' ill-earned retirement.

Graham Martin once told the New York Times' *R. W. Apple that Vietnam elections were about as honest as U.S. elections. Apple's retort was that they should be better*

Some say the amount skimmed is small, and comes from the Vietnamese economy rather than from American aid. One way to skim is to put ghosts on the payroll and then collect their pay. But the pay is low, and several people have to be involved in such an operation, so it is not likely that the amount taken would be large. Many admit that there is some corruption, but say that it is a holdover from earlier days, widely accepted so long as it is not too blatant, and often administrative in character—exemptions rather than extortion, nepotism, elections Boston or Chicago style. The U.S. Ambassador, Graham Martin, once told the *New York Times*' R. W. Apple that Vietnam elections were about as honest as U.S. elections. Apple's retort was that they should be better. But our moralistic pronouncements have a hollower ring these days.

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Ambassador Martin was surprised on being told of Cuong's preference for more aid in less time. The Ambassador thought the Vietnamese would rather have a longer time in which to plan their economic programs. Perhaps Cuong merely calculates that more aid for a few years is better than less aid—for a few years.

In Laos I had asked our Ambassador, whom *Newsweek* described as "that archimperialist Charles Whitehouse," what he thought my chances were of seeing Ambassador Martin. Mr. Whitehouse (surely one of America's most charming and devoted public servants—given my choice between *Newsweek* and an archimperialist, I'll take the latter any day) was less than sanguine having read, as I had, reports of Mr. Martin's reluctance to see the press. But the reports are all wrong, John Hogan, Special Assistant to the Ambassador for Press Affairs, told me; did I want to see the list of reporters the Ambassador had seen that week? I took it on faith. Ambassador Martin was softspoken, obviously knowledgeable and experienced, and obviously did not care about the flak he was getting from parts of the media. He had planned, on giving up the ambassadorship in Rome, to retire but took the Vietnam job because he thought it important. He shuns publicity, explaining that diplomacy is finding out how to work with the various levels of power.

Kennedy wants aid cut off . . . so that if Vietnam is to fall, it will do so before the successor (Kennedy?) Administration takes over

I asked him about Senator Kennedy's letter to the State Department requesting certain information on aid to Vietnam. Martin had cabled the Department frostily suggesting that Kennedy *not* be given a detailed answer. The cable was leaked to Kennedy and then to the press. Martin explained that the Senator is chairman only of the subcommittee on refugees, not military appropriations. He suggested Kennedy would polemicize any information he got from the Administration to sabotage appropriations for 1975 and thus undermine U.S. policy in Vietnam. So why go out of his way to cooperate? Kissinger, however, overruled Martin and gave Kennedy the information he had requested.

Ambassador Martin believes that what happens in Vietnam will be most important in its effect on how Americans see themselves. In ten years, will Americans be able to look back and conclude that, in spite of the many mistakes made over the years, in the end everything turned out all right? Isolationism is latent, he says, and it would be too bad if our experience in Vietnam brought it out. How would the abandonment of Vietnam, with its consequent collapse, affect our internationalism in the Middle East?

The Vietnamese are industrious, courageous, and tenacious, and, Mr. Martin believes, could create in two years' time with American economic aid a stability that would finally convince the doomsayers of their ten-year error. He wishes more congressmen would go to Vietnam and see the people. He shares a belief I have found prevalent: that even a few hours in a country give a new perspective, one that cannot be obtained from extensive reading.

Ambassador Martin thinks we should get out of Vietnam —but not for two more years. And that the level of our economic aid should be high for those two years—say $850 million the first year, $700 million the second. Last year the U.S. was originally going to give $600 million in aid; that was cut to $300 million, which after inflation amounted to about $195 million—not, he thinks, sufficient. He believes U.S. aid would have a synergistic effect: massive aid from the U.S. would encourage aid from other countries—Germany, France, Japan—creating for Vietnam a climate of success and stability. He had seen it happen in Thailand, with other countries competing to get involved.

There is, of course, the cynics' view, which pits the Kennedys against the Administration: Nixon wants massive aid for two more years to prop up the country until he leaves Washington, after which he is not responsible for what happens; Kennedy wants aid cut off, or cut down sufficiently, so that if Vietnam is to fall, it will do so before the successor (Kennedy?) Administration takes over.

However plausible the cynics' theory may be, the Administration's position is one at least that can be said to recognize and support the American commitment to South Vietnam, even though it may substantially negate whatever benefit it confers by announcing the timetable for termination. If South Vietnam's enemies know when U.S. support will end, they can more easily sustain their cadres until—and past—that date. Not that the morale of those cadres is the sole measure of the country's stability: the doubts of the people as to Saigon's stability are also important, and they are doubts which economic prosperity will assuage. Also, Congress simply cannot be counted on to provide aid without some end in sight, so the Administration's announcement of a termination date may be a prerequisite for the Congress' support of the South Vietnamese domino. (Which reminds me: a prize should be offered for a new name for that theory, the very mention of which lights up all the wrong bulbs in the emotional console.)

We have taken a public stand in Laos and Vietnam, trained, equipped, and coached their troops, and fought alongside them—more even than we have done in Israel. If we have moral obligations anywhere in the world—and maybe that's the debate we're coming to—Indochina is a good place to acknowledge them. □

Gut Feelings

Charles Percy's running, that's for sure,
And profile-wise, he's got allure.
A nun could hear his tapes, uncut,
But nothing hits me in the gut.

Like Ivory soap, he's super-clean
(A quality one can't demean).
He's big with independents, but
I've got this vacuum in my gut.

He always carries Illinois;
Jack Javits thinks he's quite a *goy*.
But if it's no-no in my gut,
The Percys get it in the butt.

W. H. VON DREELE

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A DIALOGUE

About Skinner and Freedom

ALPHONSE JUILLAND

Q. You place so much weight on human freedom, which you seem to be taking for granted. How can you, in view of Skinner's Beyond Freedom and Dignity*? He claims that man is not free. That we are the product of our environment. He demonstrates that human behavior can be exhaustively accounted for in terms of environment, without residue left for freedom.*

A. He demonstrates nothing of the sort. All he does is warm up the old quarrel between partisans of determinism and advocates of free will. Really not much new. Perhaps an original note is the moral fervor Skinner has been expending on behalf of a theory which claims that there is no moral fervor. He wants us to transcend dignity in order to live more dignified lives.

Q. A paradox?

A. A contradiction. Here's a guy who goes all over the country exhorting people to go beyond freedom and dignity by telling them that there are no such things. It's like telling people to do something about nothing. Especially after he's told them that they can't do anything about anything anyway.

Q. I'm not sure I follow you.

A. Look, Skinner tells me that whatever I do, I do it because I am conditioned to do it by my environment. So when he enjoins me to listen to his message, see the light about human nature, and give up the illusion of freedom, I'm puzzled: either my environment is such as to condition me to give up this illusion, in which case I will do so even without Skinner's prodding; or my environment does not condition me to go beyond freedom, in which case I'm not going to, regardless of Skinner's exhortations. His message is precisely that I have no say in the matter. Because if I do, as his exhorting suggests, I must preserve a measure of freedom and Skinner's entire contraption collapses.

You see, the very fact that Skinner is sending us a message contradicts the contents of the message he's sending us. Like "Help! We're all dead!" If the message were true, there wouldn't be much point in sending it.

Q. Aren't you a bit unfair? Can't you say that what Skinner is trying to do when he writes and lectures, when he argues, pleads, exhorts, is to change your intellectual environment so as to change your behavior?

A. First, in view of Skinner's "dignity-free" theories, I can not see why he would like to change my behavior. Mine or anyone else's. But the main trouble with your argument is that if Skinner is right, what Skinner does is also conditioned by the environment, Skinner's environment. According to Skinner, Skinner himself has no choice but to tell us what he's been telling us, which renders his exhortations somewhat superfluous.

Q. Is this the Skinnerian contradiction you were referring to?

A. Yes. According to Skinner, behavior reflects environment: to nice environment, nice behavior; to nasty environment, nasty behavior. Change the environment from nasty to nice and the behavior will change from nasty to nice. And we'll live happily ever after.

Q. Sounds straight, doesn't it?

A. Too straight for my taste. Notice that changing the environment from nasty to nice: a) is still behavior, thus subject to the same environmental conditioning as behavior in general; b) is itself nice behavior rather than nasty; and c) presupposes a nasty environment to begin with.

Which means that Skinner is stuck: according to his main axiom about the relationship between environment and behavior (a), the nice behavior he requests (b) is incompatible with the nasty environment presupposed by his request (c). If human behavior is the exclusive expression of environment, how is it possible to initiate the positive environmental changes Skinner advocates in the negative environment he deplores? For man to be able to do something nice about a nasty environment, his actions must preserve a measure of freedom from and within the environment.

This, in a nutshell, is Skinner's predicament: he must choose between diagnosis and cure. If his diagnosis is correct, his cure cannot be; and if his cure is correct, his diagnosis cannot be. The two are simply incompatible.

Q. If it's that simple, why all the fuss?

A. Mostly because people fail to see that at stake are not matters of fact, but questions of belief. For Skinner's hypothesis to be scientific, there must be some empirical means for verifying it. If no empirical evidence might *conceivably* invalidate a given hypothesis, we must consider it scientifically meaningless. Now if you are familiar with Skinner's argument and defense, you know the answer: there is no imaginable evidence that could induce him to renounce his theory of human behavior.

Q. Why do you say that?

A. Because Skinner's critics have confronted him repeatedly with facts which do not fit his hypothesis. In every instance, his reply went along the same lines: "Yes, but we don't know enough about these facts. If we knew more, I'm confident that they'd turn out to confirm rather than invalidate my hypothesis."

Q. What's wrong with that?

A. IT'S JUST CONTRARY to established scientific procedure. When facts turn up which do not fit a hypothesis, the scientist retains the facts and discards the hypothesis. Skinner does just the opposite: he discards the facts and retains the hypothesis.

Q. How can you say that Skinner discards the facts when he insists that further research will enable him to account for them within the context of his theory?

A. He sure does. Which means that Skinner answers fact with faith. He takes care of the facts intended to disprove his hypothesis by means of another hypothesis. And if you challenge the new hypothesis with a new set of facts, he'll take care of them in the same way, by producing still another

(Continues on page 881)

Mr. Juilland is chairman of the department of French and Italian at Stanford, and president of the Stanford Conservative Forum.

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LETTER FROM TORONTO

An Opportunity Missed

DONALD COXE

"THERE IS A Tory tide running in Canada," exulted Progressive-Conservative leader Robert Stanfield on the eve of the election. When the votes were counted, however, Pierre Trudeau and his Liberals had won a majority. Yet Stanfield's appraisal was accurate: only his belief about the way the tidal power could be harnessed was wrong. For the first time in Canadian history a party lost an election by demanding more government intervention at a time when the electorate wanted less.

When the election was called, the Conservatives were favorites. Such a rating is rare for Tories, because the Liberals have ruled Canada for all but six of the past 39 years. With an almost unassailable power base in Quebec, the Liberals need win only about 40 per cent of the seats in the rest of Canada to gain a majority. In recent elections, the Liberals have had more than electoral arithmetic going for them: they have been led by Trudeau, who is quite probably the most attractive national leader in the Free World. Tory leader Stanfield is no match for him as a public figure: Stanfield's wit and charm—so apparent on a personal level—are too fragile for the harsh demands of large rallies or television.

Yet Trudeau was clearly the underdog. He had barely survived the 1972 election, winning just two seats more than the Tories. Since then he had been propped up in Parliament by the socialist National Democratic Party (NDP), an embarrassment that seemed to diminish him.

In the Tories' Lap

The Liberal-socialist misalliance had led to Canada's greatest spending spree, which in turn had led to the worst inflation in her history. When polls showed that 80 per cent of voters considered inflation the leading issue in the election, it was clear to the media that the momentum was with the Tories. Result: Conservatives got more coverage in the early weeks of the election than Trudeau—an unprecedented situation. As a leading Trudeau strategist remarked after the election, "This one was in the Tories' lap." All that was needed was a clear anti-inflationary election platform attuned to the national consensus that government spending—particularly on welfare and unemployment insurance—had to be curbed. This feeling was especially strong in the three provinces having NDP governments—British Columbia, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba—where a remarkable antisocialist backlash was developing.

Stanfield chose to use the free time given by the media to publicize a program of wage and price controls. In part this strategy was based on his desire to present himself as an activist leader in the Trudeau mold, but it derived from his background as a "Red Tory" of the Disraeli stripe. His strategists assumed that, since the right wing vote had nowhere else to go, an interventionist platform would seize the center and prevent the NDP from picking up antigovernment votes.

Within a week after the campaign opened, it became apparent that the Tory strategy was misconceived. Several Tory candidates openly opposed controls, while others told reporters they were "having difficulty explaining the program to voters." Fearing a Tory sweep, NDP leader David Lewis concentrated his powerful oratorical skills on the folly of controls. Trudeau campaigned brilliantly by attacking controls and ignoring his own record. Forced to the defensive, Stanfield squandered his advertising dollars in advertisements praising controls, quoting John Kenneth Galbraith, no less, to the effect that they were necessary.

The entire election was fought on this issue, so the sound components of the Tory program—cutbacks in spending, curbing of unemployment insurance abuses, and restoration of incentives to investors—were lost in the clash of debate about the value of controls.

When it ended, the Tories lost, on balance, 12 seats, with the Liberals gaining 32 and an overall majority. The NDP was swept away, losing half its contingent, including the seat of David Lewis and that of his rumored successor, John Harney. Heaviest NDP losses occurred in the socialist provinces, as 13 of 19 members went down to defeat.

As pollster Peter Regenstreif observed during the last week of the campaign, "If any party had run on a platform of reduced government spending and control of welfare, it would sweep the country; I wonder why no party has such a platform?" So did dozens of losing Tory candidates, who were openly bitter on election night about the "bad advice" given to Stanfield on price controls. Many of the winning Tories had tried to isolate themselves from the national campaign, and they are determined to pull the party back to conservatism. Among the prominent Tory losers were key spokesmen for the party's liberal wing. A Tory swing to the right is inevitable.

Rightward, Ho!

Although Trudeau won, he is surely aware that it was really a defeat for controls, rather than an endorsement of his free spending. Quite possibly he will decide to introduce a more moderate program in September, perhaps even include changes in his punitive taxation of resource industries. Canadian oil and mining stocks have been savaged on stock exchanges recently because of the Trudeau taxes. A barrel of oil produced in Saskatchewan, for example, would be so taxed that federal and provincial governments would receive 104 per cent of the total price increase allowed to producers last year, meaning that oil companies would actually receive less revenue than before.

The real meaning of the Canadian election seems to be that voters are so frightened by inflation, and are so conscious of government's involvement in it, that they are receptive to reasoned election programs. The Tories failed to capitalize on this changed mood, and they lost. Presumably they—and Trudeau—have learned from the experience. □

Mr. Coxe, NR's Canadian correspondent, is in retrospect happy that he failed to win nomination as a Tory candidate this year.

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INFLATION

Return to Gold?

HENRY HAZLITT

IN 1931 Great Britain abandoned the convertibility of its money into gold. In 1933 the United States followed. In the 40 years since then the nations of the world have been, for nearly all practical purposes, on a paper money basis.

Until 1931 the absolute necessity of maintaining the gold standard was taken for granted by the overwhelming majority of the world's bankers and monetary economists. But after our country went off gold, and things seemed to get a little better rather than worse, even expert opinion began to change. Most economists began to agree that gold was a "barbarous relic," or at least an unnecessary one, and that government monetary managers could be trusted to manage inconvertible paper currencies not only responsibly but expertly. Gold might be all very well for filling teeth, but there was no reason why governments should go to the expense of buying and storing huge quantities of it to serve as a "reserve" to keep their currencies sound.

Under the Bretton Woods agreements of 1944, the United States was the only country that returned even technically to a gold standard. It agreed to make the dollar convertible into gold at $35 an ounce. Not for its own citizens or any other private person, however, but only for the central banks of other countries. Some monetary economists began to attack even this arrangement. They contended that the price of gold was being held up to $35 an ounce solely by our government's standing offer to buy it at that figure. If this "government support" were withdrawn, they argued, gold would fall to about only half that price.

On August 15, 1971 our government abandoned even this narrowly restricted gold standard. It broke its pledged word to exchange an ounce of gold for 35 paper dollars. In December of 1971 it formally "devalued" the dollar by about 7 per cent. On February 12, 1973 it again devalued the dollar, this time by 10 per cent.

So gold is now not only demonetized; it is worse than demonetized. Though the law may soon be changed, American citizens, as well as those of some other countries, are still prohibited from holding gold, except in the form of jewelry or old coins. Yet instead of gold falling to $18 an ounce with the removal of government "support," its price soared in the few free gold markets of the world. On February 27, in London, gold was selling above $180 an ounce, more than four times its present "official" American price of $42.22 an ounce.

Nobody knows what the future price is going to be, but even the opponents of the gold standard now admit that the recent free market prices reflect a profound distrust of the world's paper currencies. Central bankers and monetary economists are beginning to ask again whether it is possible to halt inflation permanently without a return to a full gold standard.

To understand their change of thought, it is important to recall part of the history of the gold standard and what has happened since it was abandoned. Gold coins have come down to us from the most ancient times. What is known as the gold standard, however, is of comparatively recent origin. For centuries gold and silver coins circulated side by side. But England early became the leading industrial and commercial nation, and its leadership was determining. It adopted a single gold standard in 1816. Between 1866 and 1874 silver was demonetized in Germany, the United States, Sweden, Norway, the Netherlands, and Japan; then in the five countries of the Latin Monetary Union in 1884. In 1873 there were some nine countries on the gold standard; in 1890, 22 countries; in 1900, 29 countries; in 1912, 41 countries. Just before the outbreak of the First World War, the gold standard was practically everywhere accepted and unquestioned. Because each currency was convertible into a fixed weight of gold, the chief national currencies were convertible into each other at the same relative fixed rates. Yet there was no formal international agreement to that effect.

The outbreak of the First World War in 1914 violently disrupted this system. Every country involved suspended convertibility of its currency into gold. It did this not because the need for gold had suddenly fallen but precisely because it had suddenly increased. Every belligerent wanted to conserve its gold in order to import essential armament or foodstuffs. It knew that, in war, gold was the only money foreign sellers would trust.

But suspending gold convertibility, governments found, served another immediate purpose. It made it less necessary for them to balance their budgets. They could pay for their increased war expenditures at home simply by issuing more paper money. They no longer had to fear that holders could demand gold for this money.

WHEN MORE money is issued the buying power of each unit tends to fall. As a broad rule, prices of goods tend to rise in proportion to the increase in the money supply. Here is what happened, for example, in three leading countries between 1913 and 1919. In the United States the money supply was increased 73 per cent; wholesale prices increased 106 per cent. In Great Britain the money supply was increased

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144 per cent; wholesale prices increased 157 per cent. In Germany the money supply was increased 726 per cent; wholesale prices increased 703 per cent.

When the war was over, the defeated nation, Germany, launched on hyperinflation, which at the end of 1923 had brought the value of the mark down to one-trillionth of its prewar value. The victorious and neutral nations, after about 1920, began trying to put their monetary houses back in order. In one sense, some even overdid it. In April 1925, Britain not only returned to the gold standard but did so at the old rate of $4.86. This was in effect a decision to deflate, but the British authorities did not seem to realize that. In early 1925, not only was the pound still at a 10 per cent discount from its old gold parity (it had fallen as low as $3.18 in February of 1920), but British wholesale prices were 60 per cent higher than they had been in 1913.

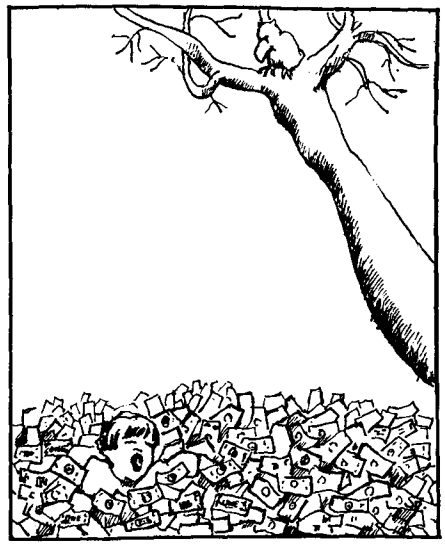
As it turned out (partly because of a downward plunge in world prices), wholesale prices in Great Britain declined 40 per cent between 1925 and 1931. But the power of British labor unions kept up wage rates and costs. So British exports stagnated, imports increased, and unemployment mounted. There was finally a massive run on gold. England abandoned the gold standard on September 20, 1931.

The pound sterling had immense prestige. When England went off gold, the shock to confidence was worldwide. If sterling was not good, was any other currency good?

Was the dollar good? A foreign run on the gold of the United States came with dramatic suddenness. The run was met, but at the cost of an unparalleled liquidation of bank credit. Some banks failed. An increasing number were in trouble. The government set up a Reconstruction Finance Corporation to rescue the "sound" ones.

But a bank panic had developed. In the four months between November 1932, when Franklin D. Roosevelt defeated President Hoover, and Inauguration Day, March 4, 1933, government was largely paralyzed. Foreigners withdrew more gold. Many Americans also began taking their money out of the banks to put it into gold. Banks were closing their doors everywhere.

On Monday, March 6, two days after his inauguration, President Roosevelt declared a four-day bank closing, or "holiday." Three days later, on his



recommendation, Congress passed within a few hours an Act "to provide relief in the existing national emergency in banking, and for other purposes." The new law gave the President blanket authority to do pretty much as he saw fit regarding money and banking, even to seize the gold in the hands of the people. On April 5 it was made unlawful to export gold, to own or hold gold coins, gold bullion, or gold certificates.

For many months President Roosevelt was captivated by the ideas of George F. Warren, a professor of agricultural economics at Cornell University. Warren believed that the commodity price level could be changed at will by changing the gold content of the dollar. So for months that content was declared to be on a "24-hour basis." The President and his Secretary of the Treasury, Henry Morgenthau Jr., would meet at breakfast to fix and announce a new price of gold. Sometimes they chose a "lucky number." "If people knew how we fixed the price of gold," wrote Morgenthau in his diary, "they would be frightened."

Commodity prices were expected to respond in proportion to these price changes in gold. They failed to do so. On January 31, 1934, however, the President finally announced a reduction of the gold content of the dollar by 40.94 per cent, to 59.06 per cent of its par value. This meant that the price of gold was raised from the former $20.67 an ounce to $35. It remained there until the end of 1971.

In the 40 years since 1934 it has become fashionable to say that the gold standard "broke down." But the supporters of the standard insist it was destroyed by governments, by the politicians in power, because it stood in the way of inflation. Excessive spending and chronic budget deficits paid for by printing more money, they argue, could not long continue if the currency were constantly convertible into gold on demand. It is no mere coincidence, they maintain, that almost immediately after the world departed from the gold standard in the early Thirties, a worldwide inflation set in that has continued, and accelerated, ever since. In the decade between 1934 and 1944, the American "money supply"—currency in the hands of the public plus demand bank deposits—was increased almost fourfold. In the same period consumer prices went up more than 30 per cent. Finally, in 1944, a major effort was made by the representatives of 44 nations meeting at Bretton Woods, New Hampshire to "stabilize" the world's currencies. They set up an International Monetary Fund. Each member nation agreed to adopt an official "par value" for its currency, expressed in terms of the American dollar. It also agreed to keep its currency within 1 per cent of parity with the dollar. It would do this by buying dollars whenever its currency got above that figure and selling dollars whenever it got below.

PROBABLY few of the delegates realized quite how enormous were the potentialities of this system for inflation. Only the U.S. put itself under the obligation of redeeming its currency in gold (at a rate of $35 an ounce). And it was not obliged to do even this for all holders of dollars but only for foreign central banks. As other nations were not obliged to keep their currencies convertible into gold but only into dollars, nearly all of them expanded their issue of paper money very freely. When they found they could not maintain their money at par even with dollars, they simply "devalued." The British pound, once the world's most prestigious currency, was devalued in 1949 from $4.03 to $2.80, and again in 1967 from $2.80 to $2.40. Practically every one of the more than a hundred currencies in the IMF was devalued at least once, and some dozens of times.

Meanwhile our own government took lightly our responsibilities as the supposed "anchor" currency. We began to

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inflate—to issue more money—even faster than some other leading countries. So we found ourselves, after 1957, running a heavy "deficit in the balance of payments." As a result, we lost gold. Our stock of it fell from $23 billion at the end of 1957 to $10 billion at the end of 1971. Yet because other countries could hold their reserves or settle their own international balances in paper dollars, they continued to accept such dollars from us. These dollars were in effect obligations by us to pay gold on demand. But we did not much mind paying the dollars out. We could simply replace them by printing more paper dollars.

At the end of 1971 foreign central banks alone were holding $51 billion of these—five times as much as our stock of gold. When these foreign central banks lost confidence and at last insisted on gold for their dollars, we reneged. We officially abandoned even our very restricted gold standard on August 15, 1971.

This brief history is enough to show that, even if the IMF system was not a positive encouragement to inflation, it did nothing to prevent it. The IMF was set up for business in 1946. The accompanying table, specially prepared by the First National City Bank of New York, shows what happened to 24 of the leading currencies of the world in the 24 years from 1948 to 1972 and what was still happening in 1973.

BUYING POWER OF MONEY: 1948-1972

	1972 Index of the value of money (1948=100)	Average annual rates of depreciation of money	
		1948-72*	1973
W. Germany	62+	2.1#	6.4
Belgium	58	2.2	6.5
United States	57	2.3	5.9
Switzerland	56	4.1	8.1
Canada	54	2.6	7.1-e
Italy	46	3.2	9.5-e
South Africa	44	3.3	8.7
Venezuela	40	4.1	3.5-e
India	39	3.9	15.5-e
Netherlands	39	4.1	7.4
Sweden	37	4.1	6.7
United Kingdom	36	4.1	7.9
Australia	36+	4.3#	8.9-e
New Zealand	35	4.2	7.6
Norway	35	4.3	6.9
Denmark	34	4.3	8.5
Finland	29	5.0	10.3
Mexico	29	5.1	10.1-e
France	27	5.4	6.8
Peru	13	8.2	8.8-e
Argentina	1 ×	28.1	37.6-e
Brazil	1 ×	56.2	11.3-e
Uruguay	1 ×	73.8	49.2
Chile	1 ×	77.6	59.9

*Compounded annually
+ 1949=100 # 1949-1972 × less than one e-estimated

THE DEPRECIATION of each country's currency unit is figured as the reciprocal of the increase of consumer prices in that country. Thus the buying power of the dollar in 1972 was only 57 per cent as much as it was in 1948. That buying power fell nearly 6 per cent more last year. In all but two other countries in the table, the situation was even worse. In the United Kingdom, the median country, the buying power in 1972 was down to 36 per cent of what it was in 1948. In these 24 years the median buying power of these 24 currencies shrank at an average rate of more than 4 per cent annually. The acceleration of inflation nearly everywhere is shown by what happened in 1973, when the median yearly rate of depreciation doubled to more than 8 per cent. In both the U.S. and Britain the rate of depreciation has been running even higher in recent months.

When we look at leading South American countries—Argentina, Brazil, Uruguay, Chile—we find that in 1972 all their currencies would buy less than 1 per cent of what they could buy in 1948. They were depreciating at *annual* rates of from 28 to 78 per cent in that 24-year period. They depreciated at similar rates last year. In other words, prices in those countries have been soaring 100 to 300 per cent *a year*.

This is why monetary economists are beginning to take a more sympathetic interest in proposals to restore the gold standard. Political thought is also changing. There was one significant sign within the last few weeks, when Congress tacked onto another bill an amendment that would restore in a few months the right of American citizens to own gold. What many of the legislators in favor of the amendment are trying to do is to give private citizens at least this method of protecting themselves against further depreciation of their paper dollars.

There is no agreement among the advocates of the full gold standard on how, when, or at what rate to return to it. But they do agree that only the constant obligation of the monetary authorities to convert dollars into gold on demand—to any amount and for anybody who holds the dollars—can prevent the over-issuance of paper money and bring inflation to a halt. They acknowledge that it is easy to draw up on paper a tidy-looking plan by which the government will agree to issue no more paper dollars, or at least restrict itself to printing only 3 or 5 per cent more a year. But they point out that there is no record of any government's abiding by such restrictions as long as it did not have to make its money constantly convertible.

As they sum it up: the case for the gold standard is precisely that the supply of gold is limited by nature; it always costs something to produce. Gold may not be a theoretically perfect basis for money, but it has the overwhelming merit of making the money supply, and therefore the value of the monetary unit, independent of governmental manipulation and political pressure groups. □

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LABOR UNION POWER

The Bigger Coverup

JOHN A. DAVENPORT

ONE BENEFICIAL result of the Watergate wallow, or so we are told, is the exposure of the nefarious part played by American business and businessmen in the great game of politics. The IT&T imbroglio, the shadowy transactions between the Howard Hughes organization and the President's good friend, Bebe Rebozo, and the actual and admitted illegal contributions of a handful of corporations to the 1972 campaign, have all been aired, to put it mildly, in print and on television.

I have no quarrel with this kind of muckraking, but it does seem to me to constitute what may be called an "unfair practice." For it surely does less than justice to what AFL-CIO's George Meany has called "the finest political organization in the nation"—an organization he is even now using to produce a "veto proof" Congress in the 1974 elections.

Yet when it comes to investigating Big Labor's part in politics, even the doughtiest of our reformers show the white feather. Consider a curious episode which occurred only last December on the Senate floor when the Watergate committee was seeking a supplementary appropriation. In the course of the debate Senator Paul Fannin of Arizona pointedly asked the Committee's chairman, Sam Ervin, "if this investigation will probe contributions by unions" to the political process. A strict constructionist when it comes to the Constitution, and an inveterate quoter of the Bible, Chairman Sam assumed his most judicial tone. "If the Senator, or anyone else," said he, "will give us information that union funds are contributed [for politics] out of union treasuries, we would be glad to have that information."

Well, Chairman Sam has never had to look far for the data he says he is seeking. His Committee already has an immense dossier on union political spending in its files but so far has kept it leakproof under lock and key. In these circumstances we are fortunate that a new book has appeared on this forbidden subject, *The Hundred Million Dollar Payoff* (Arlington House). Its author, Douglas Caddy, is not the most skilled writer and his legal training makes him err if anything on the side of caution.

Still anyone who manages to plow through this volume (and its figure-filled appendices) will, I think, be strengthened in the conclusion that the biggest of all "coverups" now going on in the country does not relate to the Watergate or Ellsberg burglaries. The biggest of all coverups relates to how—year in, year out—organized labor first extracts a billion or so of dues money from its members under compulsory union contracts (of the closed shop, union shop, or agency shop variety) and then diverts a good part of this money into political activity that contravenes the spirit if not the letter of the law. On the evidence union promotion of "industrial democracy" in mill and factory is well on its way to undermining this country's true political democracy.

Cells at Work

The process is admittedly complicated but starts from the simple fact, all too often overlooked, that a union, *any* union, is not only a bargaining agency but an ideal political cell or unit. Let two or more businessmen get together to form an enterprise and most of their energies will go into producing goods and services for that hard taskmaster, the American consumer; they will have only marginal time left for politics. By contrast, it is only a short step for a labor leader to turn his attention from organizing a factory to organizing a political campaign. As Mr. Caddy points out early on in his book, the AFL-CIO, our largest tax-free union conglomerate, commands some 50,000 union locals, and if each one of those local cells contributed only $1,000 apiece to a political campaign they would provide a kitty of $50 million for electing candidates of their leaders' choice.

As a matter of fact that $50-million figure is probably on the low side of Big Labor's political effort, despite the clear intent of the Corrupt Practices Act to prevent both corporations *and* unions from dipping into their treasuries to finance federal political campaigns. But this law, as it turns out, is peppered with loopholes, exceptions, and legal fine print, which organized labor has very skillfully exploited. As a result most labor unions today have set up political and "educational" affiliates which operate just to windward of the statutes. Thus the AFL-CIO has its Committee for Political Education (COPE), headed by the redoubtable Alexander Barkan; the International Association of Machinists has its Machinists Non-Partisan League (MNPL); and the United Automobile Workers has its Community Action Program (CAP). At last count there were some 40 of these agencies whose officials work hand in glove with union leaders, and in effect integrate and coordinate Big Labor's political operations.

These operations, it is important to understand, depend on two kinds of money—hard money and soft. Hard money is derived from soliciting "voluntary" contributions from union members. Such money can be directly dished out to political candidates and is duly reported to government authorities. Counting the donations of unions and their affiliates, this stream of hard-money giving to federal candidates for office ran in 1972 to an estimated $4 to $5 million. This is not an inconsiderable sum, and a goodly number of congressmen who have been figuring prominently in the Watergate investigation have certainly benefited from it—Senator Montoya of New Mexico for one, and Senator Hart of Michigan for another. Still, if labor had to rely on the voluntary giving of its members, its clout would be distinctly limited.

The fact is, however, that labor's cash contributions to candidates, financed by hard money, are only the tip of the iceberg. Much more important are the services which unions and their affiliates render to politicians by providing them with skilled organizers

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or maybe by picking up the tab on their printing or travel bills. These services are paid for by soft or softer money which is extracted from union members by special assessments or straight union dues.

Thus the overhead expenses of COPE, which according to Caddy's figures ran to $1.7 million in 1973, came right out of the general AFL-CIO budget. That organization likewise paid out some $361,302 to support its Department of Legislation, which is by far the most powerful lobbying organization on Capitol Hill. It is estimated that in supporting its Community Action Program and other activities, the United Automobile Workers diverts about 3 per cent of its $148 million in dues to political activities of one kind or another. Add similar diversion by the Teamsters and other potent unions, and the total effort begins to snowball. Indeed, it is a fair guess that for every dollar which organized labor raises in "voluntary" money it expends ten times that amount in "servicing" its own candidates.

It is this hidden transfer of talent, effort, and time which is the guts of labor's political power, and the above accountancy scarcely does it justice. There are, for instance, some 1,000 labor publications in this country which —year in, year out—devote their vitriolic energies to backing political candidates, but such effort is never reported as a political expense. Again, union officials from George Meany on down are constantly engaged in politics, but there is simply no good way to put a figure on this not so subtle diversion of effort.

Getting Out the Vote

Finally, labor unions are ideal sources of manpower that can be counted on not just to get out the vote but to get out the vote in the right place at the right time for the right politician. Recall the 1968 campaign, with the mobilization of labor which, according to Theodore White, included: "the printing and distribution of 55 million pamphlets and leaflets out of Washington, and 60 million more from local unions; telephone banks in 638 localities, using 8,058 telephones, manned by 24,611 union men and women and their families; some 72,000 house to house canvassers; and on election day 94,457 volunteers serving as carpoolers, material distributors, babysitters, and poll watchers."

"The $200 seat belt interlock system is standard. Deactivating it is optional at $185."

Add it all up, and count in what labor spends on state and local elections, and it well may be that Mr. Caddy is not too far wrong in titling his book *The Hundred Million Dollar Payoff*. What is certain is that labor's big machine is greased with compulsory dues money and that, unless the process is stopped, the Republic, not to mention the Republican Party, is in a very bad way indeed. How to stop it? At the end of his book Caddy considers various judicial, executive, and legislative remedies, but none of them, I think, goes quite far enough. For if his analysis is right, labor's political power is simply a function of the fact that unions under our labor laws are no longer voluntary organizations. They are government-protected monopolies whose members are chained in servitude by legal compulsory union contracts. The high road to labor political reform lies in breaking that monopoly power and in reasserting constitutional principles.

In the present atmosphere of Washington, such reform is not apt to come this year or next. Indeed, if Mr. Meany succeeds in electing a "veto proof" Congress in 1974 his first target will be to strike down state Right to Work laws which seek to keep alive at least a modicum of voluntarism in union affairs. We must work to prevent this denouement, meanwhile avoiding like the plague the worst of all election reforms now receiving public attention —namely the "public funding" of political campaigns. For public funding would not, as its sponsors claim, cleanse the political process. It would simply mean that men of financial means would be unable to deploy their money in political campaigns, while unions would be free to deploy their manpower at will. Says Andrew Biemiller, the AFL-CIO legislative director: "We would be delighted if we never had to raise another dime for a candidate." Precisely. For extracting dimes from unwilling union members comes hard. Extracting millions of soft money from compulsory dues comes easy. Public funding would, if anything, be one further step toward one-party government.

And we are close enough to that already. □

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Modernization and Its Discontents

GERHART NIEMEYER

NO, IT IS NOT directly our problem. But then again, indirectly, it is. Modernization is our word for what happens to an ancient Asian culture when it comes face to face with Western countries possessing military superiority and the required industrial base. A kind of adjustment to the international competition, if you will. But why call it modernization, "modern" being a name for the present time? Thereby hangs a tale, and the problem.

This clash of Asian countries with Western military power began in the nineteenth century, and the Asian countries looked to the Western ideas of that period as the key to successful adjustment. It so happened that in that unfortunate century our civilization was suffering from a general philosophical *misère* which tended to produce historical hallucinations. These hallucinations consisted of seeing a forward and upward march of mankind from primitive and crude beginnings, through a number of "stages" or "phases" ineluctably succeeding each other, to a climax of eventual perfection.

According to this scheme the West, in the twentieth century, has moved as far upward as the schedule allows at that point. Thus, a competitor's adjustment to Western military power would consist in moving that country "into the twentieth century." This assumes that even though they, like us, are existing *now*, they are culturally still in the Middle Ages, in antiquity, or even in prehistory. Adjustment then means moving them "ahead" along the predestined time route, that they may become what we are now, we being the "twentieth century." With some effort, one can pretend that it makes sense, even if it is not true.

That is not all, though. The West offered a number of ideological schedules for movement along the time route. One of them, Marx's, says that each pattern of productive techniques has its own type of society, that there are five and only five such types, and that all economies and societies will move from one to five, the last being—you guessed it—socialism, than which there is no higher. Another model, concocted by Auguste Comte, founder of positivism and originator of sociology, had the human mind ascend from a theological through a metaphysical and ultimately to a positivist stage, or from religion to philosophy to "science," from superstition to speculation to utility. A third scheme sees a movement of political structure from the freedom of one (the king) to the freedom of some (the aristocrats) to the freedom of all (the people), and from local usages to universal concepts, from tribe to city to nation, from custom to rational legal procedures. This one stems from Hegel. Note that all three allege a necessary movement, both forward in time and upward in perfection. This assertion, wholly unproved, constitutes the core of their ideological irrationality.

IT WAS this message, or group of messages, that was received in Asia and appropriated by small groups of intellectuals. They believed that their country's survival required it to become "modern." See what that meant for a nation like Turkey. Since Turkey had suffered a crushing defeat in World War I, a nationalist rally under the leadership of Kemal Atatürk concluded that Turkey must industrialize and rearm. To that end they disestablished Islam. The program of modernization thus included a "cultural revolution" aiming to displace the country's religion, customs, education, tradition. The modernizers were a small group of intellectuals who had appropriated the jargon and illusions of Western positivism, divorcing "facts" from "values" and despising the latter as "subjective preferences." Similarly, in India, Japan, and many Arab nations the leaders are men and women who have lost their roots in their own culture and move in a self-enclosed world of positivist scientism. In other words, in Asian cultures modernization has come to mean ideological hostility to tradition.

It is fascinating, and frightening, to realize that there is a Western ideology ready to absorb and organize all these culturally uprooted elements. Communism, which we habitually identify with Russia, is of course Western in origin. Amidst the discontents of modernization, Communism is culturally significant by virtue of its tight organization, its program of activism, its insistence on commitment to the Party, all of which enable it to provide apparent meaning for those who have become social and cultural driftwood. One would have to call the prospect wholly bleak if it were not for the inability of Communism, once in power, to deliver on its promise of meaning. The movement is essentially a myth of a blissful future, which keeps receding further and further. Meanwhile, Communism has nothing to say about life's daily problems, about heaven, earth, family, or even the state. Above all, it has nothing to say about goodness, the yardstick of human action. Thus the Communist ideology ultimately can bring order only to those who believe the story of that blissful future, and it is constrained to manipulate all other people by a combination of guile, terror, and control of the necessities of life.

Fortunately, not all Asian leaders bought the canard of the time route, nor are all willing to sacrifice their tradition on the altar of progress. There are alternative ideas of modernization. In India the present version was thought up by Nehru, a product of British socialism. Nehru was sharply opposed by Gandhi who said: "Jawaharlal wants Englishmen to go but *Angreziat* [English ways and culture] to stay. I want *Angreziat* to go and Englishmen to stay our friends." Nehru aimed at urbanization, Gandhi at the development of the villages. More recently, there is the astonishing example of Taiwan, where a highly industrialized society has been developed without breaking the continuity with China's Confucian tradition. Taiwan has convincingly proved that planners, engineers, inventors, scientists need not accept positivist prejudices, and that their performance is in no way diminished by retaining their commitment to goodness and reverence. □

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Children and the Lex Talionis

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

OUGHT WE to bowdlerize children's folk tales, so as to present the young with a world of gentleness and peace? Ought we to take the grim out of Grimm? That question arose recently at the 1974 meeting of the advisory board of the Open Court Publishing Company.

Open Court publishes the best series of basic readers for children in all this land, or perhaps all the world—combining literary merit with a wondrously successful method of reading instruction. And Open Court now publishes a children's magazine, *Cricket*, charmingly illustrated and containing first-rate old and new stories (and other features) for little boys and girls. In less than a year, *Cricket* has attained a circulation of nearly a quarter of a million.

At Open Court's annual meeting, one of the principal speakers was Dr. Bruno Bettelheim, the eminent psychologist, talking about emotional problems in learning. Someone raised this question of well-intentioned bowdlerizing. Some parents or teachers have complained that *Cricket* publishes folk tales and fairy tales in their old unexpurgated versions: aren't violence and vengeance disturbing to children?

Not at all, said Dr. Bettelheim—who can be winning and mordant simultaneously. For in the folk tales of wonder, it is the wicked who are punished by poetic justice, and the good who are rewarded. This satisfies the child's yearning for order and justice. By nature, Dr. Bettelheim pointed out, children are attracted to the *lex talionis*, the law of retribution. And it ought not to be otherwise.

In "Little Red Riding Hood," the wolf is weighed down by the bodies of his victims, and so his evil deeds cause his dreadful end: sound morality. If punishment does not follow crime (in the violent seventeenth century or the violent twentieth century), order is undone. The child is eager for a pattern of order. And to present twentieth century children with a realm of fancy purged of violence and disorder would be to leave them woefully unprepared for action when they grow up—or, for that matter, would leave them defenseless in the typical primary school nowadays.

A fault of Maurice Maeterlinck's *The Blue Bird*, Dr. Bettelheim suggested, is that this fantasy leaves the child's sense of justice unsatisfied. In that story, the cat has been malicious and treacherous throughout; while the Dog has been heroically faithful. Yet in the end, the Cat goes unpunished and the Dog unrewarded. As I told Dr. Bettelheim afterward, this injustice in *The Blue Bird* worried me for years when I was a little boy. To each his own: that is the fundamental principle of justice. A world without rewards and punishments is a disordered and unjust world, profoundly disturbing to boys and girls.

Children are ethically alert. In my early years, I learned much from Charles Kingsley's *The Water Babies*—especially from those allegorical figures Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by and Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did. The former of these maternal figures is Charity; the latter is retributory Justice. If Justice is lacking, Charity is ineffectual.

AS G. K. CHESTERTON put it once, all life is an allegory, and we can understand it only in parable. Fantasy for children, like all important literature, has an ethical end. A fearful joy is part and parcel of that introduction, through fantasy, to the reality of the human condition.

There is any amount of slaughter and derring-do in George Macdonald's *The Princess and Curdie;* my three little daughters love it all, as they love the combats in Sidney Lanier's version of Malory's Arthurian tales. They are terrified and they are rejoiced. And they learn a great deal more of moral evil, and of good, than they could in any "vernal wood."

In *The Princess and Curdie* is a monstrous beast called Lina, who really is a woman cast purgatorially into an animal form, that she may work out her salvation with diligence. When two years ago I read that story to Monica, my eldest daughter (then aged four), she was astonished at the sudden end of Lina, who leaps into a purging fire of roses and thereupon vanishes.

"Where did Lina go?" Monica inquired.

"I'm not certain, Monica," I replied. "To Heaven, perhaps."

"Do you mean she's just visiting friends there, Daddy?"

"Well, no, Monica—I suppose she's gone permanently."

"Oh—you mean she's dead."

This dialogue ushered in theological discussions. My immediate point is that most children do have a nascent healthy skepticism and critical sense; such tales rouse and inform their moral imagination. They do not become goblins because they read about goblins, and the imaginary perils of folktale heroes and heroines may prepare them to encounter with some success the hard moral choices which they must make all too soon.

Some time ago, my wife and I overheard Monica telling Cecilia, a year younger, a wolf tale compounded from many and diverse sources. "And Cecilia," Monica concluded, in deliberate and thrilling tones, *"the wolf is everywhere!"* Cecilia shrieked in her bed, but that was a good cautionary tale for little girls in our time.

Introduction to tales of wonder wakes the philosophical habit of mind. Very recently Cecilia said to her mother, "Mama, I can imagine a thing that has no end. But I can't imagine a thing that has no beginning. Now how is it that God has no beginning?" We don't profess to be able to explain readily to our offspring the problem of infinite duration, yet at least we have led them to ask the right questions.

One of the biggest of questions, asked afresh in every generation, is the question of Justice. The sentimentally permissive fantasy world of Dick, Jane, and Spot is an unjust world, in that it leaves children adrift in a boring pseudosecurity. The world of Hans Christian Andersen or George Macdonald, say, is a hard world, sometimes—but also a world of beauty, vigor, and justice. Unless we recognize the existence of Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by, and of Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did, we come to man's estate morally empty. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

Mad Lib

I should have eaten the salad.

Fifteen people in a sleazy conference room. Outside, under Lafayette Street, subways groan, rudely taking the floor. Fifteen people: each has done time in some mental institution or other. I don't feel out of place; it surprises me. The company is various. Three cute and reticent young ladies. A bearded old man with chic, put-on Bowery look, the T-shirt a palimpsest chronicle of his last 25 meals. One loosy-goosy type getting his BA in homosexuality. The bitter, antagonistic. A few preoccupied with the maze whorl of their forefingerprints. And five or six bright ones, articulate, convincing as, say, J. K. Galbraith on a good day.

There's a high-pitched poker table tone to the room. Laughter gets retched out: it might be the result of fingers jammed down throats. They approach cigarettes with great attention, as semi-wild animals, as cherry bombs, as novelties. And, stage center, a washpail of homemade salad. I didn't anticipate refreshment at session #38 of the Mental Patients Liberation Project. I've eaten already. My paper plate retains its dull, Endust glazing. Perhaps an antisocial gesture on my part. In any case, a mistake.

They pool atrocities: Auschwitz graduates playing Can You Top This. Lobotomy, whippings, destructive chemotherapy, even murder; ruinous electroshock prescribed like some over the counter medicine, Dristan or Contac. The small change of their conversation makes other libs—gay, female—sound bush league and pampered. The intelligent moderator was electroshocked against his will. Therapeutic benefit: 12 years' amnesia. He brought memory back with terrible patience as one might carve a heroic marble. I quote from the MPLP Bill of Rights: "In almost every state of the Union, a mental patient has fewer de facto rights than a murderer condemned to die or to life imprisonment." That's true. And it stinks.

But I'm not impressed by the extremist rhetoric. "It is part of our vision to see the end of psychiatry as an active profession in this country." And a San Francisco publication *Madness Network News* ("All the Fits That's News to Print") has its manifesto, "The behavior of the fully human being is always unpredictable—simply because it is free." Simply, too simply; there is unpredictableness and unpredictableness. Words get censored. "Insane" is their nigger, kike, wop. T-shirt says, for the fifth time, "There is no such thing as mental illness. There are just problems of living." For one woman, even this is suspect. "You know 'problem' has come to be a euphemism for neurosis. Have you got any *problems*? I've had that said to me." She reads a clipping: Mental Patient Sought in Murder. "People who have been diagnosed as mental patients are less likely to commit violence." T-shirt: "Yah, they're so tranquilized they can't commit violence." Someone notes that the percentage of mental patient violence is increasing. "It's rather a good thing. It's a sign they have more freedom."

THAT'S, WELL . . . a crazy remark, but I can empathize. We've all had explaining dreams, where rational arguments, where shouts are lost among ghost armies of the deaf, and incoherent words break into a 3 A.M. bedroom silence through sleep-stricken, inelastic lips. The mentally ill, even paranoids, are persecuted. One earns criminal status by hard work and merit; legal expiation can be worked out in a given number of years. But mental illness is indefinite; no punishment, no sentence fits it. And the psychiatric terminology does more than categorize: it accuses, perpetuates. Might as well inoculate with dirty needles. A niche in the social texture is anyhow precarious. It depends on a few outward signals: clothing, job, normal acts. A credibility rating, like a credit rating, is quickly lost and just about as irredeemable. In a padded cell, even Henry Kissinger would find his persuasiveness damaged.

But the relativism disturbs me. I have been silent. Now I ask, are there no insane acts? There are no insane acts. Well, take child abusers. They take child abusers in their stride. One man tells me that four-year-old girls really like it. I protest. The response is strident and I remember—in the gut, not in the mind—that I am among ex-mental patients.

BATMAN intervenes. A sensible young man, curly bearded as Cyrus the Great. Batman was socked away in a mental institution for crusading over rooftops (and through the odd apartment window). He righted wrongs, a dynamic solo, under benevolent radio waves from the Empire State Building. Batman agrees: child abuse is wrong. Murder is wrong. But dirty old men and killers should be incarcerated as criminals. And Batmen should be tried for breaking and entering, not shut up in Rockland State without legal recourse. The ironies are first rate. A hundred years ago, give or take two decades, we committed an act of human progress. The insane were separated from the merely vicious. Now they want integration. Unpredictable as hell.

All at once I am beset. The notebook has given me away. Someone wants to know who I am. Journalist. From what newspaper? For two inhales I hesitate. NATIONAL REVIEW isn't favored on Lafayette Street, but sometimes the bland and ambiguous title deflects suspicion. Here it doesn't. They are indignant, worried. They consider my unannounced presence an assault on privacy; they think I am an adjunct of the state apparatus. "How do we know you're not from the CIA?" The press agent for child abuse rushes at me, shouting. His eyes jitter in their orbits;

Nika Hazelton's *latest book is* I Cook as I Please. . . . **David Brudnoy** *commutes from Provincetown to Boston for his fortnightly television commentary.*

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his thin arms are nervy, uncontrolled. I can sense his racehorse metabolism, fierce as radiated heat energy. Near my face he proposes violence. He threatens me; he threatens the *NR* office, *NR*'s editor. I am disquieted. Simply because it is free, man's nature is unpredictable. But milder spirits intervene.

I hear the salad maker's voice. "He didn't eat anything, I saw that. He hurt my feelings." I don't apologize for my unannounced presence, but she was right. Present, I should have broken bread. It was an offense against the gentler customs of human interchange. I apologize for that. And, despite our differences, I wish these people well. □

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

Tugboats

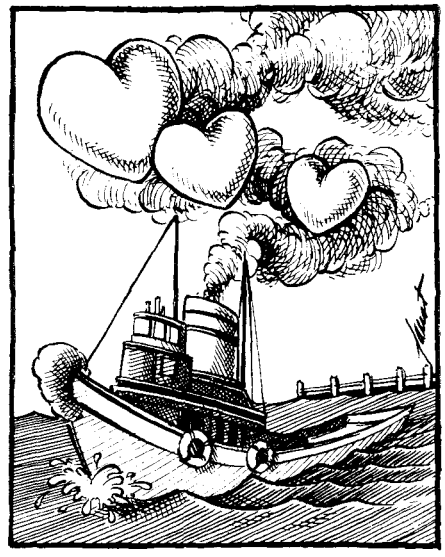
Happiness, total happiness, is spending a day on a Moran tug in New York harbor, as I was privileged to do a short time ago—a passionate wish of many years fulfilled. I was on the *Theresa Moran*, one of the most powerful of the Moran fleet of well over 100 tugs, identified by the big M on their funnels. The Moran tugs dock and undock huge ocean liners and mammoth tankers and do many other workhorse chores that are essential to commerce in New York harbor. *Theresa*, a seagoing tug built in 1967, measures 110 feet in length, 28 feet 6 inches in beam, 17 feet in depth amidships. With a horsepower of 4,290, compared to the horsepower of 1,750 of most of the harbor tugs, she burns 3,500 gallons of diesel an hour, out of her tanks storing more than 56,000 gallons. Yet she is not the strongest nor the fanciest of the mighty Moran fleet. *Alice Moran*, the world's most powerful oceangoing tug, has 9,600 hp; *Amy Moran*, newest of the fleet, prides herself on a pilothouse which is 15 feet high, the better to see *over* the big tankers she propels.

Theresa Moran by herself can pull the *QE2* and, with a sister boat, dock her; a far cry from when it took a dozen tugs to dock the *Queen Mary*. However, as I spent the day in the gallant and enlightening company of Captain Larry Langfeldt and Mate Hans Mathisen, I had no feeling that I was sitting on top of a floating powerhouse. For their size, tugs are the most powerful craft afloat, except perhaps for military craft designed for tremendous speeds. Though she is all engine and fuel tanks, the *Theresa* floated as gently and quietly as a lotus leaf on a very still pond. Nor, as you sit in the airconditioned pilothouse, do you have a feeling of speed; that comes only when you stand on the deck, next to the mighty winches and towing lines.

Since my technical ignorance is such that I've never changed a tire on a car (and never intend to do so), I cannot describe the *Theresa*'s equipment. But it seemed to me that radios and radar devices (the only things I recognized) abounded. From the housewife's point of view, the tug looked very comfortable. The sleeping quarters and the galley are airconditioned, and, if you really want to know, there are two spotless showers. Six men live on the *Theresa Moran*: the captain and mate, the engineer, two deckhands, and the (excellent) cook.

Moran tugs work 24 hours a day, and are dispatched like radio taxis. I was surprised that there was no set schedule. But it appears that jobs turn up on the spur of the moment, and that you can never be quite sure how long a job will take, what with the weather and other circumstances.

Most of the tug work in the harbor nowadays is moving oil barges. That's what we did on that day, going from the upper bay through the various kills, the waterways between Staten Island and New Jersey. We went to Perth Amboy to take an enormous oil barge to South Amboy, then halfway back to the Moran shipyard at Bayonne to pick up clean linen and provisions, and back again to Port Chevron to take another oil barge to the Brooklyn Bush Terminal.



Strong impressions linger in the mind about that glorious day. First, the incredible skill of the people who worked on the *Theresa Moran*. This superlatively well rehearsed group inched up to the giant oil barges and positioned the tug alongside with no fuss, as easily as eating an ice cream cone. Specialized deckhands know how to throw the lines so as to allow just the right amount of slack, and, with the aid of walkie-talkies, can tell you what's happening on the other side of what's being towed. The oil barges, with a crew of two, have no power except what's needed for the pumps. In no time, tug and barge were under way; docking the barge in the narrow berth went as smoothly and easily as the original hitching up operation.

ANOTHER lasting impression is the emptiness of New York harbor and adjacent waterways. I saw no passenger boats (the *Theresa Moran* had taken the *Raffaelo* out early in the morning) and few other ships; shipping seemed to consist almost entirely of oil barges and tankers. The supertankers, though, were outside the Verrazano, waiting to be relieved of some of their load so they could enter the harbor; fully loaded, they drew too deep. The captain, the mate, and I were full of nostalgia for the old days when the harbor was full of craft; even ten years ago the waters weren't as empty as they are now. Yet the tonnage moved is greater than ever, thanks to the bigger ships and to containers. Their port in Elizabeth is an enormous, surrealistic expanse with huge cranes outlined against the sky.

The most depressing sight was the condition of the Staten Island and Jersey shores, a horrible, desolate landscape of abandoned shipyards and docks, the buildings of obsolete plants, rotting barges and pilings—junk, junk, junk. The planks of a mahogany mill still lay around collapsing sheds, cranes were rusting on dead coal docks, the hulls of old sailing ships rotted in a rotting World War I shipyard, half-submerged barges abounded. The most astonishing sight was a marine junkyard filled with old ferries, Navy ships, tugs, and whatnot, all rusty and rotten; the junkyard stuck far beyond its legal space into the narrow channel—a marine Collier Brothers nightmare. By

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contrast, the oil and chemical plants which dominate the landscape now looked tidy and functional. Industrial landscapes must exist, and they can be beautiful. But this? You should have heard what Captain Langfeldt and Mate Mathisen had to say on the subject. □

TRAVEL

DAVID BRUDNOY

Risorgimento in Provincetown

Four years ago (July 14, 1970), I filed a report in these pages on the 350th anniversary of the Pilgrim landing at Provincetown, in whose harbor William Bradford's flock wrote their Mayflower Compact before sailing on to Plymouth. Here you'll still find the last really long hair on the East Coast, a thousand heads a day displaying what Garry Wills calls the "Elsa Lanchester electrocuted look." None of that New York sharpie close-cropped look for the men of Provincetown.

It's an hour away to gape at the Kennedy fortress in Hyannis, and that plus a ferry ride plus more bother than it's worth to see *the* bridge at Chappaquiddick. And there's a gap longer in culture than in miles between the fat, comfortable upper Cape, where on a clear day you can see forever, or at least the islands of Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket, and here at the very tip of the Cape, Provincetown, where the land thins, the winds are more chill, and the somewhat backward avant garde has free play.

I'VE BEEN drawn to Provincetown for longer and longer periods each year, and in 1973 succumbed at last and decided to settle in through September each summer. This year I'm an old-timer, in *my* eyes at least, listed in the phone book and all. But year round residents, the majority of Portuguese stock, most of them engaged in fishing and canning, consider even those who've long since purchased homes and settled here outsiders, if they live elsewhere for any considerable part of the year. To the Costas, Silvas, and Cabrals, I'm a tourist; to me, I'm a Cabral and the tourists are "them."

"They" are our bane and our succor as well. Long ago you could take a nice swift train ride from Boston down to Provincetown. Thoreau did it and wrote of it in his *Cape Cod Journal*. Then progress struck, the tracks were torn up, and you needed four or five hours to drive here from Boston. That at least kept away the day-trippers, or whatever those sorts were called back then. When the mid-Cape highway materialized, the trip was considerably shortened—if you ignore the 55 mph nonsense, as everyone does, it takes only two hours from Boston—and the influx of "them" happened.

Out with the quiet of the little village, for years *the* American arts center (Eugene O'Neill and friends sponsored the Provincetown Playhouse in the third most important market for art sale in the world). Honky-tonk took

over. Now at last the town is undergoing yet another, subtler metamorphosis, a truce between townies and certain tourists: the residue of hippiedom, the gays, and others who have alienated the natives no longer try to goad them, and the townsfolk no longer taunt the pedestrian who fails to sport a crewcut and two bosomy girls. Finally it seems to have dawned on the residents that their economy, aside from fishing (in terrible shape owing to serious depletions), depends hugely on tourists and summer people. The shops and finer restaurants, many of the latter staying open year round now, employ town kids; every house rents summer rooms to supplement dwindling fishing income; craftsmen find work servicing the fussbudgets who buy those overpriced shacks they call "charming beach cottages" hereabouts.

A tacky quality set in several years ago with the influx of day visitors, and there remains a depressing feeling in jostling through midtown from late morning to mid-eve, the pizza shops and cruddy souvenir stands marring Commercial Street fronting the bay. But from afar the vista is magnificent, church steeples and the Pilgrim Monument rising above the low Cape clapboards. Thanks to the energy shortage, visitors this year are fewer and stay longer.

THE BENCHES in front of Town Hall are back. The selectmen (town fathers) tried to remove them one summer to discourage the "undesirables" from sitting there. But the old folks, who sit there too, protested and now the benches have returned for good, integrated without quotas. In fact, the war between officialdom and hippies and artistes and homosexuals seems nearly over, a draw. There has been some meshing of the various groups: joint efforts to deal with drug abuse; serious participation in town affairs by long season visitors; an end to the nasty sneering by tourists at the yearly blessing of the fleet, an event of tremendous significance to the Catholic Portuguese fishermen; and on and on.

Best of all, a wonderful resurgence of the arts is under way. When I wrote here in 1970 I noted the "Chrysler Art Museum with its wacky collection of 'old masters' "—the authenticity of which was much at issue. Since then, Walter Chrysler yanked his collection away in a huff, and the beautiful 1860s Methodist Church in which his paintings had been housed then stood empty, with the vultures circling to zero in for the kill and install yet another parking lot.

But angels flew in this winter and rescued the abandoned building, creating a Center for the Arts in Provincetown, which has booked a long season of plays, concerts, art festivals, many of the highest quality. They've left room for a restaurant, art galleries, and workshops. This project, more than anything else in recent memory, promises to return some of the lost art elegance to this town, surely—and pardon my bias—the most beautiful little coastal village in eastern North America. I won't quibble with Sausalito by leaving out the "eastern," but tell me, can Sausalito boast Norman Mailer as a townie? □

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BOOKS

Demolishing Extraconstitutionalism

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

Executive Privilege: A Constitutional Myth
By Raoul Berger
Harvard, 430 pp., $14.95

Today the Great American Villain is the lawyer, and the Great American Hero the law professor in bow tie and corduroy. It takes a professor of law, I suppose, to lay fuse to 430 pages of cordite and blow 200 years of so-called executive privilege to hell—and to do it in a manner that must leave anybody not accustomed to reading briefs for a livelihood gaga with fatigue and irritation and a newly acquired dislike of newly acquired heroes.

Raoul Berger's much touted and undoubtedly learned explication of the fallacies behind the claim of executive privilege is lurid testimony to the fact that the scholarly arts not infrequently have little to do with a facility for creative thinking or with the fine art of writing books. If *Executive Privilege* succeeds as a book then so does any typescript between covers, or even between two pieces of bread. Long and detailed chapters, divided and subdivided and crammed with bits and gobs of legal evidence and interpretation, follow one another in a sequence dictated by no particular logic and united by no particular theme other than "there's nothing to it." There is an appalling amount of repetition; every reference to *United States* v. *Burr* (1807)—there are many—recapitulates the author's perfectly correct argument as to why that case cannot offer precedents for a Chief Executive's withholding of evidence from the courts or his defiance of a subpoena. For all I know, of course, this repetitious method of argumentation may simply be one of the professional constraints under which lawyers operate: in court, perhaps, a lawyer may be required to repeat an argument in detail every time he is forced to advert to it, as a politician these days is forced to reiterate in every appearance that he has paid his income tax and turned over his wife's sheik's jewelry to the government. I do not know. But I do know that, between the covers of a book, such practice is regarded by most editors and all readers as a crime beyond the scope of literary privilege.

And yet Mr. Berger, by dint of brute strength, makes his point. "I propose," he states, "to inquire what did the Founders intend when they made the several grants of power to the President—the 'executive' power, the 'war' power, the 'foreign relations' power. Did they designedly lodge in the interstices of those powers a right to withhold information from the legislature theretofore not enjoyed by the 'proudest' minister?" Four hundred thirty pages after the first horn sounds, executive privilege, that most unconstitutional myth, has wheezed its last. Consider the evidence as it arrives by the carload:

Executive power. In the clause in the Constitution which states that "the Executive Power of the United States shall be vested in a single person," says Berger, the words "executive power" are "no more than a label designed to differentiate presidential from legislative functions and to describe the powers thereafter conferred and enumerated." "The separation of powers does not create or grant power; it only protects powers *conferred* by the Constitution." The importance of the recent grand jury "tapes" case in the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia is that it reaffirmed the fact that the courts are the "ultimate interpreter" of the Constitution, and that the President is not above the duty to comply with the law.

Foreign relations. As the proud and prancing president of Princeton University, Woodrow Wilson, declared, with all the confidence of a university president, "One of the greatest of the President's powers . . . [is] his control, which is very absolute, of the foreign relations of the nation." But Berger is well primed to prove that no such power was ever intended to be attached to the presidential office. He describes an instance in which Parliament forced James I to promise "to make no treaty without first acquainting Parliament and requesting its advice," and another in which Parliament in 1700 impeached men who had aided King William in negotiating, without its advice, the second partition treaty. He quotes Rufus King, a member of the Convention of 1787, who said as a senator in 1818 that "to make a treaty includes all the proceedings by which it is made; and the advice and consent of the Senate being necessary to the making of treaties, must necessarily be so, touching the measures employed in making the same." "The fact," argues Berger, "that the powers to receive ambassadors and to make treaties were expressly enumerated under the 'executive power' repels an inference that still other foreign affairs powers were deposited in the words 'executive power' themselves."

The war power. Citing Eugene Rostow, Berger makes the claim that the Continental Congress, in appointing George Washington Commander-in-Chief, made explicit the fact that he was to be "its creature . . . in every respect"; he also quotes Alexander

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RANDOM NOTES

■ KISSINGER. Commentators Marvin and Bernard Kalb profile him for Little, Brown (out, $12.50). Phyllis Schlafly and Admiral Chester Ward take a dimmer view in *Kissinger on the Couch* (Arlington, Nov., $12.95). Whereas Monroe Rosenthal and Donald Munson mix fantasy and smut in *President Kissinger*. It's all about the Kissinger-Kennedy ticket that salvages the GOP (Freeway Press, out; paper, $1.75). The Secretary himself adds five new statements to the updated edition of his 1969 book, *American Foreign Policy* (Norton, out, $6.95).

■ FALL SPORTS BOOKS. Holt lands a $40 whopper, *McClane's New Standard Fishing Encyclopedia*. . . . *It's Practical Golf*, claims John Jacobs (Quadrangle, $8.95). . . . T. Y. Crowell offers *A Coach's World* by Notre Dame hoop boss Digger Phelps (Nov., $6.95). . . . *Sports of the Times* is, naturally, a collection of Arthur Daley's best (Quadrangle, Sept., $8.95). . . . George Plimpton dogged Hank Aaron's trail toward the end, watched him blast *One for the Record* (Harper, $5.95).

■ PAPERBACKS. Watergater Howard Hunt's only nonfiction book is *Give Us This Day*, an account of his role in the Bay of Pigs fiasco (Popular Library, $1.25). . . . From Macmillan in October: *Jazz Masters of the Twenties* by Richard Hadlock and *Jazz Masters of the Forties* by Ira Gitler (both $2.95). . . . *NR* contributor Thomas Szasz scrutinizes *The Ethics of Psychoanalysis* for Basic (Nov., $3.95). . . . *St. Anselm: Basic Writings* has to be one of the year's adventurous publishing projects (Open Court, out, $3.95). . . . *Has the President Too Much Power?* is a symposium by Schlesinger, Mondale, Sorenson, and other recent converts to the doctrine of executive diffidence (Harper, Sept., $2.95).

■ SEPTEMBER BOOKS. Military historian Basil Collier pens *A History of Air Power* (Macmillan, $8.95). . . . *Lord Rochester's Monkey*, a surprising entry from Graham Greene, portrays the Restoration poet-rake, with illustrations (Viking, $15.95). . . . Ben Wattenberg follows *The Real Majority* with *The Real America* (Doubleday, $12.50). For the same house, Thomas Szasz urges the legalization of dope in *Ceremonial Chemistry* ($8.95). . . . Heavily illustrated: *The Encyclopedia of Air Warfare* (Funk & Wagnalls, $14.95). . . . Holmes is back, sort of. *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution* is by Dr. Watson, of course; but he needed editorial help from Nicholas Meyer (Dutton, $6.95). . . . Rita Thalmann and Emmanuel Feinermann recreate *Crystal Night, 1938*, when the Nazis rioted against the Jews (Coward, $5.95). . . . In *The Balancing Act*, George Roche and *NR*'s Alan Reynolds and Ernest van den Haag ponder black studies and quotas in hiring (Open Court, $8.95).

Hamilton, who wrote in *The Federalist* that the Commander-in-Chief was to be simply "first General." "If," says Berger, "the warmaking power did not remain in Congress, the exception for presidential power 'to repel sudden attacks' was superfluous." He denies that Lincoln vastly expanded the powers of the Executive in dealing with foreign attacks, insofar as he refused to recognize the Confederacy and hence was faced with an uprising which was, by his definition of the situation, a domestic difficulty. In 1950, Secretary of State Dean Acheson claimed that "historical precedent" made it unnecessary for President Truman to consult with Congress before committing armed troops to Korea, but the precedents he cited were, according to Berger, based on "trivial episodes" involving the swatting of pirates, bandits, and cattle rustlers. Today our entry into the Korean War is itself the greatest precedent, but it was set only yesterday.

Congress, the Executive, and the informing function. "Just as there exists no executive limit on the parliamentary power to impeach, so there can be no executive limit on the power of Parliament to *inquire* whether executive conduct amounts to impeachable misconduct." Berger cites numerous instances all the way back to 1621 in which the House of Commons inquired into the doings of the Crown and its Ministers, and illustrates the general acceptance of a similar function by Congress under the American Constitution. In 1834 Andrew Jackson admitted that there were instances in which the Congress, to carry out its legislative duties, must "inquire or decide upon the conduct of the President or other public officers, and in every case its constitutional right to do so is cheerfully conceded." "The express provisions for indictment and impeachment of the President," Berger thinks, "constitute an *exception* to the separation of powers."

THE FIRST articulation of "executive privilege" in its full-blown manifestation is to be found, of course, in Deputy Attorney General William P. Rogers' Memorandum to the Senate of 1957. This ridiculous document Berger, after handing round its pages, puts into the shredder. The thing is full of slipshod logic and gross errors of fact and interpretation. Rogers begins his masterpiece by saying that "Courts have uniformly held that the President and the heads of departments have an uncontrolled discretion to withhold information and papers in the public interest, and they will not interfere with that discretion." Sixty-two pages later Rogers cites with apparent approval another scrivener who argues that "the legal problems were never presented to the Courts. Thus it remains an open question whether the executive officers must submit all the information which Congress may request." Berger feels constrained to point out to Rogers that the Jay Treaty incident of 1794, in which President Washington withheld from the House papers pertaining to a military disaster, did not involve the President's responsibilities to the *Senate*. He describes how Rogers warped his legal history in other instances, including that of John Marshall's subpoena of Jefferson during the Burr trial. Thank God for somebody that Rogers is nobody's attorney in the Watergate brouhaha.

"Before we conclude that an executive 'power' to withhold information from Congress is protected by the separation of powers, it needs to be *established* that such a power existed at the adoption of the Constitution." Such a proof apparently does not admit of accomplishment. In the meanwhile, "It is strange logic that would deduce from 175 years of persistent congressional demands for information and almost

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Chilton Williamson Jr. *is an editor at St. Martin's Press.* . . . **Francis Russell**, *an historian, also reviewed* August 1914 *for* NR. . . . **Geoffrey Wagner**'*s latest book is* Five for Freedom, *a study of feminist fiction.* . . . **John R. Coyne Jr.**, *formerly an Associate Editor at* NR, *now writes speeches for President Nixon.* . . . **M. J. Sobran Jr.** *is Arts & Manners editor.*

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unfailing excoriation of executive refusals to furnish it, an 'acquiescence' in the withholding."

Thus, having dutifully worked my way back to the coverstock of *Executive Privilege*, I found myself convinced but bemused. The book, like Schlesinger *fils*' *The Imperial Presidency*, coils its entire length for a strike at the dictatorial Richard Nixon. And yet, the concept of a strong Executive is certainly an idea that has been dealt a lot of heavy petting over the years by the liberal community.

IN THE EVOLUTION of the debate over what is now called executive privilege, liberals and conservatives have played their hand on both sides of the table. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge believed that "with the advice and consent of the Senate" is a phrase that applies to the entire process of treatymaking; the conservative Justices Taft and Sutherland were disposed—largely by the relation of executive powers back to the British Crown—to make the President's role in foreign affairs a more autonomous one. Yet one of the most dramatic attempts to augment that role was made during World War II by Professor Myres McDougal and Asher Lans who had become panicked by the idea that a reactionary minority in the Senate was going to sabotage the United Nations scheme. This possibility they attempted to forestall by perfecting the case for the making of treaties by executive agreement. McDougal and Lans lambasted the idea that the words of the Constitution were "timeless absolutes" and derided "absolute artifacts of verbal archaeology," drawing upon "implicit powers" to support their case.

Berger's response to the excesses of McDougal and Lans suggests that the issue is really not one between conservatives and liberals, but between constitutionalists and extraconstitutionalists. The key to his attitude on the subject of the elasticity of the Constitution is his remark about Justice Felix Frankfurter's statement in the case of *Youngstown Sheet and Tube Co.* v. *Sawyer* (1952) in which the Justice spoke of the necessity not "to disregard the gloss which life has written upon [the words of the Constitution]." Of Frankfurter, Berger observes: "He was prepared to look to practice for the content of amorphous terms but not to supplant or alter 'very specific provisions.'" McDougal and Lans argued that usage can confer constitutionality because the process of amendment is an arduous one. Says Berger, "It is not enough to conclude that no generation can be fettered by the past; the question remains: from which 'generation of citizens' did the President obtain a *mandate* to revise the Constitution under the guise of 'interpretation'?" Bypassing the Constitution is neither a liberal nor a conservative exercise: it is simply often an unconstitutional one.

Nevertheless, reading Berger, as reading Schlesinger, I began to feel an unholy glow. Anti-Communism was worth it, after all, even to a liberal. In the most backhanded way, it has provided the impetus that promises to lead to a more strict and reverent interpretation of the Constitution. I am highly amused to realize that old Senator Bricker had his points, back in 1953-1954. Why is he not garlanded in the present tome? He is never even mentioned. Again, I am bemused. □

The Gulag Archipelago 1918-1956
By Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn
Translated by Thomas P. Whitney
Harper, 660 pp., $12.50

SLAVE RUSSIA

FRANCIS RUSSELL

Three years ago I attended a congress of historians in Leningrad. One advantage of such a congress is that one is spared the Intourist guides with their babysitter approach to foreigners. Our guides, on call only if requested, were the Russian equivalent of American teachers' college students. In the slack evenings I often used to sit with the German-speaking group in the hotel lobby. They formed a small reading circle, but complained of not being able to get the books they wanted—Hegel and Nietzsche! The students asked me about Solzhenitsyn. Had I read the books after *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*? I told them I had read *Cancer Ward* and *The First Circle*. One young man looked at me very earnestly and asked if I considered that Solzhenitsyn had repudiated the October Revolution. I took a breath and said yes. They seemed neither shocked nor intimidated, merely interested.

The completeness of Solzhenitsyn's repudiation is now apparent in *The Gulag Archipelago*. For not only does he regard Stalin as a common criminal but he is almost as scornful of Lenin. Czarist Russia with all its faults he finds decent and benevolent compared to the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

A curious path for the young artillery captain of 1941 to have taken, the biddable Marxist, the spit-and-polish disciplinarian who could send his men out under shellfire to their probable death with as little concern as for the fact that he had a ration of butter and rolls and they did not. As a university student he with his friends had been approached by recruiters for the NKVD, the secret police. They declined, but Solzhenitsyn admits that if the NKVD had really put the pressure on, their resistance would have broken. Thirty years later he asks himself what he might have become if he had been wearing the blue tabs of an NKVD officer in 1941.

Because of a letter he wrote criticizing Stalin that was intercepted by the army censor, he found himself stripped of his rank and sentenced to ten years in a prison camp. This turning point of his life has formed the solid stratum of his writing. But in *The Gulag Archipelago* he has turned from fiction to a history of the whole Soviet police system, its organization and methods of operation, its prisons and camps, transit centers, transport systems, its interrogations, trials, sentences, the course of the individual prisoner from the moment of his arrest to the ultimate moment when he meets his death either before a firing squad or from hunger and cold.

THE PENAL settlements scattered across Russia and forming a state within a state, those torture islands with a population larger than many a European nation, Solzhenitsyn has called the archipelago of Gulag (a Russian acronym for Chief Administration of Corrective Labor Camps). Its broad picture has long been familiar to us from early accounts to Conquest's encyclopedic *The Great Terror*. But Solzhenitsyn, from his own experience and the knowledge acquired from several hundred camp survivors, has produced in this massive work—of which the present volume is only the first installment—perhaps the ultimate work.

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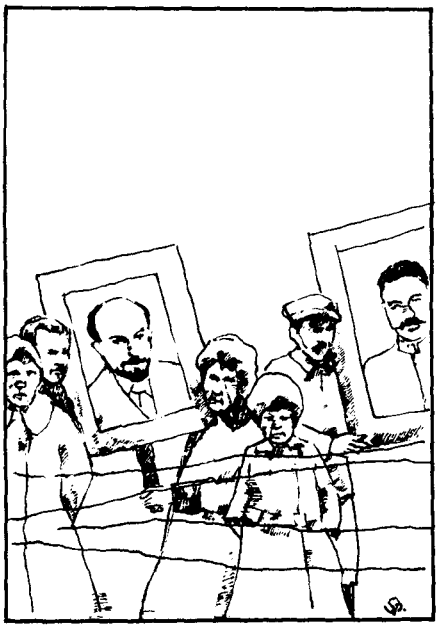
He has written compulsively, fearful that what he has seen and experienced and found out might otherwise in its uniqueness be lost. His overriding concern has been that the dead anonymous victims of the slave state might still through him leave something for humanity in their deaths. It is a record written in blood. He dedicates his book "to all those who did not live to tell it. And may they please forgive me for not having seen it all nor remembered it all, for not having divined all of it."

Interwoven with these other accounts, tentatively inserted here and there, is his own personal history. Yet in his soul-shattering experience and with the luck of survival, this young Red Army officer found his own soul whose existence he would previously have denied. Early in his imprisonment he met in the Lubyanka an old revolutionary who had served his first prison term in 1904 and who for a time had known Lenin personally. The old man, knowing he himself would never see freedom again, told the young man as his last wisdom: "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image." "But," Solzhenitsyn adds, "I failed to understand him!" Later, in the bestiality of prison and camp he did understand. His journey through that secular hell brought him an inner awareness, essentially religious, the ever repeated, ever bitter lesson that he who finds his life must first lose it. He writes:

> Own nothing! Possess nothing! Buddha and Christ taught us this, and the Stoics and the Cynics. Greedy though we are, why can't we seem to grasp that simple teaching? Can't we understand that with property we destroy our soul?
>
> And did they give us a two-day supply of bread and sugar? In that case, eat it in one sitting. Then no one will steal it from you, and you won't have to worry about it. And you'll be free as a bird in heaven.
>
> Own only what you can always carry with you; know languages, know countries, know people. Let your memory be your travel bag. Use your memory! Use your memory! It is those bitter seeds alone which might grow and sprout some day.
>
> Look around you—there are people around you. Maybe you will remember them all your life and later eat your heart out because you didn't make use of the opportunity to ask them questions. And the less you talk, the more you'll hear. Thin strands of human lives stretch from island to island of the Archipelago. They intertwine, touch one another and for one night only in just such a clickety-clacking half-dark car as this, and then separate once and for all. Put your ear to their quiet humming and the steady clickety-clack beneath the car. After all, it is the spinning wheel of life that is clicking and clacking away there.

This is indeed the conclusion of the mystic and the saint. On the mundane plane there is of course anger and outrage. Reading these bitter pages one feels one's own indignation spill over in thinking of the gulls and fools and doctrinaires of the free West who gave their support to the Gulag and its master. I for one found myself recalling Franklin Roosevelt with his unctuous "I like Uncle Joe"; the helpless refugee millions that Roosevelt and Churchill, those Four-Freedomers, routinely turned over to Stalin; the poor devils of Vlasov's army, clubbed into box cars by American soldiers and transported back to Russia and certain death; Simple Simon Henry Wallace and the dubious Dr. Lattimore inspecting the Vorkuta slave camp—Potemkinized for the occasion—and finding it an arctic Grossinger's; the uniformed Russian general I saw among the Nuremberg judges—as Lady Rhondda remarked at the time, like Casanova sitting in judgment on Don Juan for seduction; and so on, and so on, and so on. Solzhenitsyn has not forgotten these amiable outsiders either.



The Gulag Archipelago is tragedy on the grand scale. Such tragedy demands dignity of language. The author makes it difficult for translators by using, where necessary and appropriate, the argot of the camps. This cannot be adequately translated, and more or less neutral equivalents are required. The present translator, with singular insensitivity, has used American slang terms that in the context are nothing less than outrageous. Is there any possible excuse for "raunchy broads," "batting the breeze," "chow," "scram!," "shucks"? Minor in themselves, they are unworthy of a book that all of us should read. □

Leftism: From de Sade and Marx to Hitler and Marcuse
By Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn
Arlington, 653 pp., $12.95

A REALIST'S PURITY

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

NR readers know Dr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn well, and I hope their regard for him will overcome their misgivings about this suspiciously pugnacious title. The book certainly deserves a better one—or at least a more seductive one. De Sade and Marx? Hitler and Marcuse? The reader may be pardoned for suspecting a word game designed to lump all the bad guys together under a conveniently loose abstraction; thereby evading right wing responsibility for Hitler's rise, by the way. This sort of evasion is familiar enough.

But Kuehnelt-Leddihn shirks neither facts nor responsibility. Much of the German Right did support Hitler, who appealed to certain conservative sentiments, to patriotism (however distorted) and the desire for order; and it was these sentiments, not mass murder, that their support for him affirmed. Yet Auschwitz was implicit in his perverted nationalism, and their failure to perceive this was a tragic defect of vision. Kuehnelt-Leddihn not only admits this but insists on it. If he is a purist, it is because he is a realist. He knows the price of compromise.

We Anglo-Americans, especially conservatives, tend to pride ourselves on our lack of ideology. But Kuehnelt-Leddihn thinks we need a systematic philosophy—not to have one, he says, is to be crippled, and he sets about approaching the history of the last two centuries in terms of a simple but pregnant conception of his own.

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He posits two tendencies in human nature: the "identitarian," which seeks to reduce reality to a safe uniformity, to regard the world only in relation to one's own comfort and security, physical and psychic; and the "diversitarian," which seeks to know the world as it really is, and expands to embrace things—and above all, persons—in their fullness and variety, insofar as that is possible for finite beings. The "identitarian" drive as such is brutish; the "diversitarian" is distinctively human. This position will probably strike many readers as inadequate; for my part, I not only accept it, I *vibrate* to it, as a view of things that is entirely consonant with the best thought in our tradition, and which makes room for the whole range of imagination and experience. But I can't argue for it. One either recognizes its truth, it seems to me, or one doesn't.

ITS APPLICATION, however, is a different matter. Here I find myself persuaded by Kuehnelt-Leddihn, but only in a tentative way. His assault on democracy, for instance, is so thoroughgoing as to challenge one to abandon deeply held prejudices. Democracy, he says, is one political form of identitarianism, rationalizing and justifying the assimilation of persons to the mass. It is inherently totalitarian. Of course he means a kind of democracy we don't have in America, one in which there are *in principle* no restraints on the majority. But, he warns, the rhetoric of democratism cannot allow for qualitative differences; I suppose he would add that we only confuse matters by speaking of legal procedure and individual rights as "democratic," when democratism's nature and observable momentum tend to crush individuals insofar as they differ from the mass. Perhaps this explains why so many of our left liberals, for example, clamor for individual ("democratic") rights only for those whose ultimate goal is to create a monolithic state, even while they are indifferent to the extinction of those rights where such states already exist. We usually, and I think wrongly, attribute this inconsistency to hypocrisy, when it simply never occurs to the average liberal that, say, a Chinese might have some desire and use for liberty.

So far I have spoken of the book as if it were an abstract treatise in political philosophy, which it is not: it is a discussion of the rise of leftist forces, as the author conceives them, since the French Revolution, and as such is full of personal observation and reflection on the essential kinship of national and international socialism, mass democracy, and fascism, all of which, he says, must be seen as competitors in the same business, rather than enemies. Things to which we have grown accustomed as if they were natural, like military conscription and total war, are (as he observes) legacies of the French Revolution, which, insisting on universal equality, abolished chivalric exemptions, making war a matter of metaphysics rather than convention. Likewise, he notes, the arbitrariness of majority rule tends to diminish the veneration and affection for governors (who are "hired and fired like domestics") that make peaceful government possible. Notice how many democracies have given way to military rule recently (Burke foresaw this at once), and how unsteady the rest are.

But I despair of doing justice to the book's wealth of detail, of oddly enlightening fact, the harvest of long experience, reading, and travel. The virtue of his theory is that it naturally accommodates even its own anomalies. *Leftism* abounds in *ipse dixits*, heavy sarcasms, repetitions; but these are more than compensated for by the pleasure and benefit of meeting a mind that is at once open and ordered. □

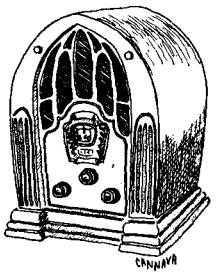
Democracy and Its Discontents
By Daniel J. Boorstin
Random House, 136 pp., $5.95

ABSURDITIES

GEOFFREY WAGNER

Daniel Boorstin's new book appears to be a set of lectures delivered at the University of Michigan two years ago. The style is thus less sprightly than his usual. Some of the chapters, or speeches, are indeed so numbingly general as to be both unexceptionable and unexceptional. Much has been said before. One wonders, for instance, if Boorstin has read that wise essay Aldous Huxley wrote toward the end of his life, *Brave New World Revisited*, a resumé of the same concerns, while when Boorstin writes "A person may have two opinions which actually contradict each other, yet he finds that both are his opinions, strongly held," he echoes Orwell's *doublethink*, the ability "to hold simultaneously two opinions which canceled out, knowing them to be contradictory and believing in both of them." Our late flower children, chanting peace and fingering love beads, were adept at blowing up buildings, and people in them.

All the same, Boorstin has such a fine mind it is invariably fun to follow him even when he is platitudinizing about American institutions (e.g., "TV Myopia"). Our democracy has grown so plural and "open" that its self-destructions are more arresting than its contributions. You make more noise hating someone or something than expressing affection or satisfaction. Opinions, as he puts it, "are distinguished by the strength with which they are held rather than by the authenticity with which their conclusions are demonstrable." Or again, "Democratic societies tend to become more concerned with what people believe than what is true." Exactly. We even judge art by what it does rather than by what it is. We overcommunicate, and thus dilute and attenuate all the time. The Pentagon sold its version of the Vietnam war like a deodorant and was proud of it. The demeaning of meaning proceeds apace. A space shot is fabulous. So, nightly, is the latest hemorrhoid cure.



In his chapter, or lecture, on "Self-Liquidating Ideals," Boorstin gets more interesting because more original, though Orwell again anticipated these *aperçus*, writing in *1984*: "The very word 'war,' therefore, has become misleading. It would probably be accurate to say that by becoming continuous war has ceased to exist." Here, when Boorstin gets his teeth into the present balkanizing of America, he seems to be borrowing from his brilliant Homeopathic Social Science (the hair, or tuft, of the dog that bit you) in his *The Sociology of the Absurd*, nearly all of which has come to pass. "A self-liquidating ideal," he tells us, "is an ideal which is dissolved in the very act of fulfillment." Thus college presidents

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attempt to dissolve racism by making everyone on campus racist. You set up a special study program for, say, purple Lithuanian gays, and suddenly everyone is back to square one.

Maybe, then, this has all been said before. Nevertheless, let us hear it again since the vices attacked in this book are reiterated daily. "Is a Black Caucus any more respectable than a White Caucus?" asks Boorstin. We must "abandon the prevalent belief in the superior wisdom of the ignorant." Or, as he puts it, "Education is learning what you didn't even know you didn't know." Anyone writing that sentence today deserves the Pulitzer Prize. Thank God they gave Daniel Boorstin one. □

FICTION

Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy
By John Le Carré
Knopf, 355 pp., $7.95
The Dogs of War
By Frederick Forsyth
Viking, 408 pp., $7.95

TWENTIETH CENTURY HEROES

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

As we sidle uneasily toward the last quarter of this wretched century, things seem increasingly to unravel. We suffer from a social, intellectual, and moral energy crisis, the machine is running out of gas, and no one seems to know how to make it go again. Western leaders fumble, stumble, and fall almost weekly. Italy has gone bankrupt, something nations just aren't supposed to do. And the Number One bestselling novel on everyone's list has as its hero a rabbit.

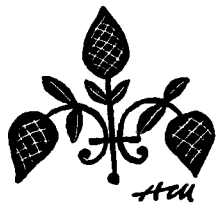
There is no better way to understand a period than to know its popular literature. And this is especially true of the novel.

THE BUSINESS of the novel is to depict man in society, to judge people in social situations. In relatively stable periods, the social structure and the ideas and beliefs which cement it provide the commonly accepted standards against which people are measured. But in fractured periods, when the social structure becomes incoherent, the only standard left is the individual standard. Thus, the protagonist of a novel written in such a period tends to be a man who operates according to some sort of personal code independent of the society in which he lives, a man alone, functioning in a world that seems unable to function.

The hero of each of these novels is such a man. George Smiley, a plump, aging, unhappy bureaucrat-spy who in a better age would have made a fine shiny-faced secondary character in a Dickens novel, tries desperately to find meaning within the meaningless system that has shaped his life. Cat Shannon, Forsyth's hero, is a mercenary, a man outside society, contemptuous of all established order.

Le Carré's plot is a simple one. Smiley, recently purged from the British Intelligence high command, is called back to ferret out a "mole," a Russian agent planted years before in the operation. He does so without a great deal of trouble, and the reader spots the man well before the close of the novel.

But while the plot is simple, the style is complex. Paragraphs are packed with small actions, ceaseless lightly connected internal monologues, constant flashbacks, summaries, and a running description of Smiley's current state of mind. A packed style, at times almost irritatingly dense, illuminating a feverish consciousness, with Smiley feeling every moment of his life the way you feel when you awaken abruptly at three in the morning and you can't figure out those random images and associations that you filter out of your consciousness as a matter of course when fully awake.



For Smiley it's always 3 A.M. Things have lost their meaning. His wife and his colleagues betray him. His organization is simply structure, with no center. There seems no real reason for espionage, and no one cares what the Russians know or don't know, except insofar as that knowledge affects one's place in the hierarchy. Bureaucracy exists for its own sake, and any relation between its existence and service to the nation has been lost. No one, in fact, can identify any longer what the interests of the nation are.

Smiley's tragedy is that he wants very much to believe in something larger than himself. But that something no longer exists.

Cat Shannon lives on a different plane. A mercenary who fought in Katanga, Biafra, and here in the fictional country of Zangaro, he is completely asocial, content to find meaning in action.

The Dogs of War, like *The Day of the Jackal*, is ingeniously plotted, an impressive blend of fact and fiction, written in tight, lucid, masculine prose. In *The Day of the Jackal* we learned, step by step, how to go about knocking off a chief of state. In this one, we learn in equally fine detail how to acquire the personnel, the arms, and the logistical support necessary to invade an African nation. It's a complicated process, and it gets just a bit heavy two-thirds of the way through, but few novelists writing today have Forsyth's flair for building suspense by piling up relatively mundane details.

The Dogs of War is a first-rate thriller, with a beautifully handled opening set in Biafra and a satisfying, though slightly stagy, conclusion. The only real problem is one of characterization. Many of Forsyth's mercenaries are relatively trite figures, their motivation insufficiently explained. And this is a shame, for there is no more interesting and enigmatic group of men. And Shannon himself suffers from a bit too much stage direction. He is a totally amoral man, who believes that the only difference between himself and the men who run the world is that they are hypocrites. And to anyone who has not forgotten what happened in Biafra that point of view has meaning. But we are interested in Shannon primarily as a man outside society, and when Forsyth suddenly has him develop a social conscience, it just doesn't quite ring true.

NEVERTHELESS, Shannon remains a fascinating character, even though it might make us just a bit sad to realize that a few decades ago he probably would have been one of those magnificently stoic Buchan- or Household-style patriots who invariably acted on his own best instincts, those best instincts automatically reflecting the best instincts of the society in which he lived. But that's the way it was, and in 1974 our heroes are mercenaries, or failed bureaucrat-spies. And sometimes even rabbits. □

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JUILLAND

(Continued from page 862)

hypothesis. You can chase him from hypothesis to hypothesis until you turn blue in the face.

Q. Then how can we settle the dispute between free will and determinism?

A. The point is that we can't. Not on scientific grounds anyway. You see, each time Skinner invokes a new hypothesis in defense of the original one, all he does is reaffirm his unconditional faith in determinism. What he actually tells us is: "I believe. I believe that future research will vindicate my theory, and you can't argue with that as you can't argue with faith. All you can do is oppose another faith, which is exactly what advocates of free will have been doing."

Q. Are you saying that theories of free will also rest on faith?

A. Right. Sooner or later, their proponents find themselves in the same predicament. They run into similar difficulties when it comes to proving their case on empirical grounds.

Q. Then what's the difference?

A. One difference is between knowing and not knowing where you stand, which is one of the more important differences between liberals and conservatives. Skinner, like most liberals, seems to believe that he stands on fact and reason, when his theory of human behavior is ultimately rooted in faith.

Q. Can we do anything to resolve the dispute between partisans of determinism and advocates of free will?

A. Not much. The best we can do is try to understand its true nature, which is closer to a religious war than to a scientific argument. □

LETTERS

(Continued from page 844)

Israelis and Arabs

If things were as they should be I simply would commend Professor John W. Bowling for providing a clear and concise summary of Middle Eastern realities in his article of June 21, "Keep Your Eye on the Middle East." Things being as they are, however, Bowling's piece is one of the few statements on the Middle Eastern situation which is neither platitudinous nor clichéd. Thus, I heartily praise John Bowling for setting down the obvious and I congratulate *NR* for publishing it.

London, Ont. MANUEL PRUTSCHI

The horror I felt at reading Professor Lewis Feuer's imbalanced article, "The New Imperialism" [March 29], can only, again, lead to wonder at the supreme Western ignorance of the Middle East. Whatever theses Feuer attempts to present for our consumption, they take a back seat to a not so subtle diatribe against the recent oil policies of the Arab countries and against King Faisal. After all, in Feuer's words, Faisal is one "who, with his eighth century theology and a nomad's outlook, would lay down from his tribal kingship a rule not only for the Saudi Arabian herdsmen but for all Western European industrial society." Feuer even deigns to cite *The New Left Review* to the effect that Faisal "combines the most virulent tribal tyranny with the most advanced repressive techniques."

This approach smacks of racism. If Mr. Feuer had wished to be balanced, he might have pointed out Israeli atrocities as well —the bombing of a suburban Cairo

(*Continues on page 883*)

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[GEORGE] MCKNIGHT:

A Prisoner of War's View

The man who appreciates freedom the most is the free man who has become a slave. He is the man who would risk his all, his very life if necessary, to regain his freedom. He is the man who loves the country that gave him his rebirth of freedom. He is the prisoner of war.

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school, the shooting down of an unarmed commercial airliner, to name just two. But the airliner was Libyan, so perhaps it matters as little as the 130 or so lives (including women and children) lost thereon.

What must have struck Mr. Feuer here is that these acts were not committed by "nomadic tribesmen" who are "barbarians" but by "a people building a modern, scientific society with their own efforts on a land which had been sparse and parched in its Arab days." When only judicious balance can keep the Middle East from exploding, men like Mr. Feuer continue with the old shibboleths.

Clifton, N.J. N. LUPININ

Points

Pleasant though Elliott Miller's view of "Some Conservative Undercurrents" in our cultural scene is [July 5], I dispute his inclusion of *Grease* as a hopeful, or conservative, note from the Fifties. As a veteran of that decade, I assure you that the enduring values of society were not personified by a group of surly youths with leather jackets, ducktail hairdos, and muscle shirts. These folks were usually the anti-established-values types of the day.

For me—and there are others like me—the Fifties have better memories. Dinah Shore and Perry Como brought their talents to TV, which was at least as much a boon as the discovery of Elvis (but I will agree that his decision not to resist his induction is admirable). For social comment, James Dean and Marlon Brando could mumble and ride Harleys all they wanted—they were not a patch intellectually or aesthetically on Bob and Ray, those spiritual kin of George Ade and Robert Benchley.

Two of the better aspects of the era were the Plymouth station wagon and Esther Williams—neither particularly fancy, but both sturdy, comfortable to associate with, and reliable. Further, Esther is memorable as a woman who achieved her goals by hard work and clean living; say what you will about the students of the Fifties, none of my group was apathetic about her.

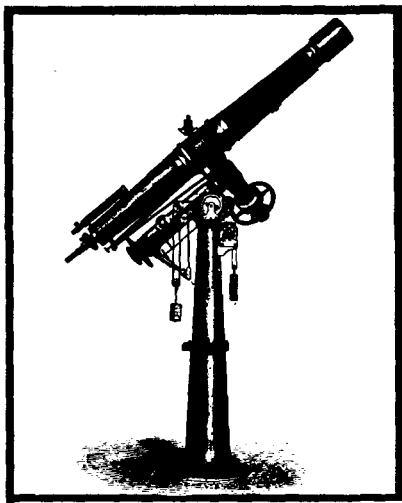
Carbondale, Ill. FRANK W. OGLESBEE

Regarding John R. Coyne Jr.'s review of *Thirty-Four East* ["Books in Brief," July 5], please note that *Seven Days in May* is not a "novel of nuclear apocalypse" but rather a story of the planning of a military coup in the United States—quite another breed of apocalypse.

When thinking about authors who have thought about the unthinkable, one must think to keep these thinkers' unthinkable thoughts thoughtfully categorized according to the character of their unthinkability.

Perhaps Mr. Coyne was thinking of *Failsafe*.

Washington, D.C. J. ROBERT MCBRIEN



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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

A Letter from George Wallace

New York, July 18—I have a communication from Governor George Wallace, which is addressed safely up the generic scale, "Dear Fellow American." In other words, the identical salutation could have been used to address Mrs. Martin Luther King or the Boston Strangler. We are all fellow Americans.

But fellow Wallace supporters? The mailing wants to find out. When he was running for President in 1968 and again in 1972, George Wallace used to say—remember?—that there wasn't a dime's worth of difference between the policies of the two parties. This point he stopped stressing when the Democrats nominated George McGovern in Miami. It would have strained even his credibility, because everyone knew that there was at least a dime's worth of difference between Nixon and McGovern; in fact, some economic statisticians put the difference at about a hundred billion dollars per year.

But now George Wallace is back, talking about the issues, and obviously it is his point that once again the Republicans and the Democrats are not easily distinguishable. He begins this letter—which, by the way, is a fundraising letter—by asking his Fellow Americans to cast a straw ballot. "If the election were being held today, who would you vote for: George Wallace, Richard Nixon, or George McGovern?"

BUT after the straw poll, Wallace lists five positions he feels strongly about. He plans, he says, to speak out on these five issues among others, preparatory to deciding whether to run for President in 1976. Here they are:

"1. I am concerned that in less than ten years America went from clear military superiority over the Communists to now being militarily weaker than the Communists." This Fellow American shares Mr. Wallace's concern.

"2. I am concerned that most politicians in Washington want to take a lot of your money and give a guaranteed income to people even if they are healthy and refuse to work." The formulation is a semanticist's delight, but if I had to vote yes or no even on the phony formulation, I'd vote on Wallace's side.

"3. I don't want the Democratic Party to repeat what it did in the 1972 presidential campaign." That's a tough one for us Republicans. Strict honesty would require me to say that I wished the Democrats would nominate Bella Abzug.

"4. Inflation has been eating up your paycheck because the federal spending has doubled in the last five years." That is a kind of fundamentalist synopsis of what happened during the last five years, but—once again—given the alternatives I'd have to vote for Wallace, even as I'd have voted for William Jennings Bryan against Clarence Darrow.

Finally, "5. The politicians and political leaders have done nothing to stop busing even though the people's message is clearly against busing." Here Wallace is quietly rolling up his sweatshirt sleeve, just enough to show the old tattoo. And it works. And it works for very good reasons. The American people—if you don't count Garry Wills, which is the safest exception—pretty well agree that opposition to busing is not a race-animated position, though this does not, obviously, mean that no racists oppose busing. The point is it is a politically hygienic stand to take nowadays, whereas once it was not: so that Wallace, taking it now, in this preliminary attempt to crystallize American dissatisfactions, takes it without running serious risk that he will be roundly denounced as the Wallace of yesteryear who interposed his body between the University of Alabama and the matriculation of an 18-year-old Negro girl.

There are a number of interesting things about this sally of Governor Wallace, but surely the most interesting is that he has centered on five questions his concern with which is more characteristically a Republican's concern than a Democrat's. And yet it is the Democrats who have been most steadfastly wooing him. They do not do this because of the color of his beautiful blue eyes. George Wallace is what the boys in the smoke-filled room would call *force majeure*, if the boys in the smoke-filled rooms were all graduates of Camelot. I would be surprised if Teddy Kennedy could be got to join a pilgrimage to Lourdes, if Madalyn O'Hair and three other First Amendment fanatics hoisted a single placard against the trip. But a pilgrimage to Montgomery, Alabama to vist George Wallace—why that is becoming routine. As a matter of fact, I am surprised the Democrats in the Senate have not yet proposed rapid transit subsidies from Washington to Montgomery.

And yet the whole political business rests on crazy historical-terminological anomalies, surely? Isn't George Wallace subtly reminding people that he is at this stage of the game something of a right wing Republican? □

COLSON, NIXON, AND THE CIA

New York, July 14—Nobody knows quite what to make of the rather blurry story told by Charles Colson to a private investigator in Washington, the purpose of which was to introduce into the Watergate saga an entirely new dimension, namely the perfidious military-intelligence complex which had made the President a prisoner. It is the tendency of most people, and quite rightly, to denounce the story as piffle, coming from a man whose credibility is to say the least suspect. But there is more than that. For one thing, we do not have any idea why Charles Colson should just make up a story of this kind.

There is also the amusing turn, required of those who have constructed a theology (alas, in most cases their only theology) around their distrust of Nixon. If the CIA and the Pentagon were really at war with Nixon, how should an American liberal react? He can't take Nixon's side, for the obvious reasons; and to take the side of the CIA or the Pentagon might get him named on the Friends of the Military Industrial Complex list in the next production of *Seven Days in May*. Joseph Kraft is so upset by it all that he has asked conservative thinkers to straighten it out for him. But he did not so far lose control of himself as to refer to us as just that: he referred to conservative "thinkers." He doesn't want anybody to think that he thinks that conservatives think. They just "think."

Well, permit me to shed a little light.

Every organization in Washington is to a substantial extent a bureaucracy. Every bureaucracy is to a substantial extent dominated by an ethos. That ethos is, in almost all cases, something that is brewed in the Eastern Seaboard liberal establishment. We are talking—understand—about

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very bright people, and very patriotic people. But they are much more interested by, and influenced by, the books of, say, John Kenneth Galbraith and the editorials of the *Washington Post*, than they are by the books of, say, Milton Friedman and the editorials of the *Wall Street Journal*.

When Richard Nixon took over as President of the United States he did not find—as the schematics would suggest—that he was in actual, effective control of national policy. And his experience wasn't all that unique. Harry Truman used to say that to get a decision of his translated into policy practically required public executions. Lyndon Johnson once said that the only thing he could absolutely accomplish was a nuclear war.

The CIA is full of factions—what's so strange about that? And one of these was —is—what one might call the pacifist-progressivist faction. The kind of people who utter phrases like, "taking chances for peace." They have brothers in the Pentagon too, by the way. It is a canard that every member of the military desires that he and his family be consumed in a nuclear blast.

And of course there is intrigue. There is necessarily more intrigue in a secret organization than a nonsecret organization. A fine writer recently wrote a huge book about intrigues within the *New York Times*, which publishes a million words a day or thereabouts, available for a few pennies. The CIA publishes nothing about itself, and this necessarily inflames the intriguers. Some of the intriguers, in 1969, were having thoughts about Soviet intentions, about Soviet ballistic capability, about the Chinese in Vietnam, which appeared to certain of Richard Nixon's advisers as highly ideological. That is to say, some of the people in the CIA, and some of the people in the Pentagon, were being guided less by objective standards—or so it was suspected—than by a search for evidence that harmonized with their suppositions, which were ideological in character.

This set up tensions which are not the easiest to transact, because it is very hard to give the reason why you want this general out, or that CIA head removed.

It was during this period that Charles Colson apparently got the impression that the President felt he had lost his effective authority. We all know that he didn't lose his effective authority, but we also know that Mr. Nixon sometimes exaggerates threats to himself.

What we do not know for sure—and here is the most interesting question of all —is whether the progressives were subdued. Or whether they subdued Richard Nixon. There is more evidence to the latter effect than to the former. So Joseph Kraft can sleep better at night. But let me warn you here and now, Joe, one of these days you may wake up to find that the Russians are coming. □

CAN WE AVOID SEXISM?

New York, July 20—Twice in as many days I have been reproached as a sexist, having intended no offense, and I fear that the line I had thought best left undefined, needs now a little chiseling, lest things get out of hand. I mean, more out of hand.

I am reviewing a book for the *New York Times*. It is a very fine book about the Antarctic, and includes engrossing chapters about the great expeditions of a half century ago. I conclude the review by observing (can any observation I have observed in the past ten years have been more innocent?) that the book would appeal not only to scientists and students of the Arctic but to "boys who love adventure stories."

Two pieces of mail already, the first especially indignant. "Just what makes you think that only boys love adventure stories? I read adventure stories throughout my childhood, and it is typical of male chauvinists to assume that only boys like to read adventure stories."

A day later, in the company of two distinguished journalists, I sought to examine the question going the rounds, namely where are American leaders. That last is the question explored in the June 15 issue of *Time* Magazine, at great and rather resourceful length. A lady panelist raised her hand to ask had we noticed that of the 200 young potential leaders in America, listed by *Time* Magazine, only 19 were women? "Approximately nine and one half per cent," she said, exactly. We were all temporarily nonplussed, and it was then that I found myself saying that, really, the figure was not all that surprising, because it remains a fact that more men than women are attracted to those conspicuous professions from which leaders are taken. I felt a chill in the audience, as if I had said the kind of thing Professor Shockley specializes in saying.

Accordingly, I issue herewith a modest manifesto.

The movement for equality between the sexes will not, at my hands at any rate, issue in a death sentence for the synecdoche.

That there are grown people in the world who go around saying things like "chairperson" is testimony not to bisexual attempts to create equality, but to transsexual resolutions to sound stupid. The phrase: "will appeal to adventure-loving boys" is not an exclusionary phrase, because the word "boys" in this case means not only boys, but also girls. You cannot maintain the equilibrium of the English language by saying that "man's inhumanity to man" is measured in part by the sexism of that phrase. Is it seriously thought that man's inhumanity to man is to be distinguished from man's humanity to woman? Or that "he who laughs last laughs best" means that girls laugh best when they laugh first, whereas boys laugh best when they laugh last?

And as for the business of future leaders. Ten years ago, at the start of the women's lib movement, approximately 10 per cent of the students in law school were girls, and now that figure has risen by approximately 14 per cent. This statistic has been cited in such tones of despair as would be appropriate in saying that over a ten-year period, death from starvation had diminished by only a few percentage points in America.

It is the uniformity of the standards that is wrong, a tiresome point but no less true for the making of it: the notion that the male lawyer is necessarily engaged in more productive, or more humane, work than the female nonlawyer. This morning's newspaper brings the news that our Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, Mr. Caspar Weinberger, has solemnly announced that it is not a regulation of his office that boys and girls attend jointly school lectures on sexual hygiene. At the University of Arizona, it has been announced that unless exactly as much money is spent on girls' sports as on boys' sports, the entire federal subsidy will be withdrawn.

What kind of prehensile lengths are we going to? Miss Germaine Greer recently debated with me on the general subject, and asked me to propose a formal resolution. I typed out, "Resolved, Give them an inch and they'll take a mile"—but, prudently, thought better of it, as one does not play mischievously with metaphors with Germaine Greer. But, you know, it's true. □

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By SVEND PETERSEN

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D. Pinch hitter who broke up W. S. no hitter and drove in winning runs — 162 71 144 175 206 184 91 154 219

E. What a lady bareback rider's admirer was caught at — 74 31 54 86 172 126 44

F. Pseudonymous surname of lady novelist (By George!); insert male novelist's surname as middle name and get military expert — 100 73 128 137 207

G. State of being impudent — 124 33 57 185 135 104 18 151

H. Breed of dog held to have originated in Spain — 134 4 30 72 195 105 112 127 13 39 / 58 68 108 141 148

I. American painter (1852-1911) — 45 52 70 93 5

J. Unlucky Brooklyn W. S. pitcher — 150 11 1 25 38 94 106 125

K. Yankee W. S. catcher; first name that of an all time baseball great — 158 149 88 97 110 139 152 169 186 205 / 211 218 229

L. Science of the flight of projectiles — 171 166 179 226 107 187 65

M. Certain colleges in eastern United States — 178 214 140 75 188 164 118 82 145

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T. Cardinal third baseman, 1942 to 1944 and 1946 W.S. — 115 67 222 47 132 80 220 193

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Y. French sculptor (1845-1933) — 42 114 50 142 28 224 215 200 123

Z. Philly second baseman, 1915 W. S. — 64 116 201 133 12 136 182

a. What Mantle liked to do — 83 37 225 194 55 155

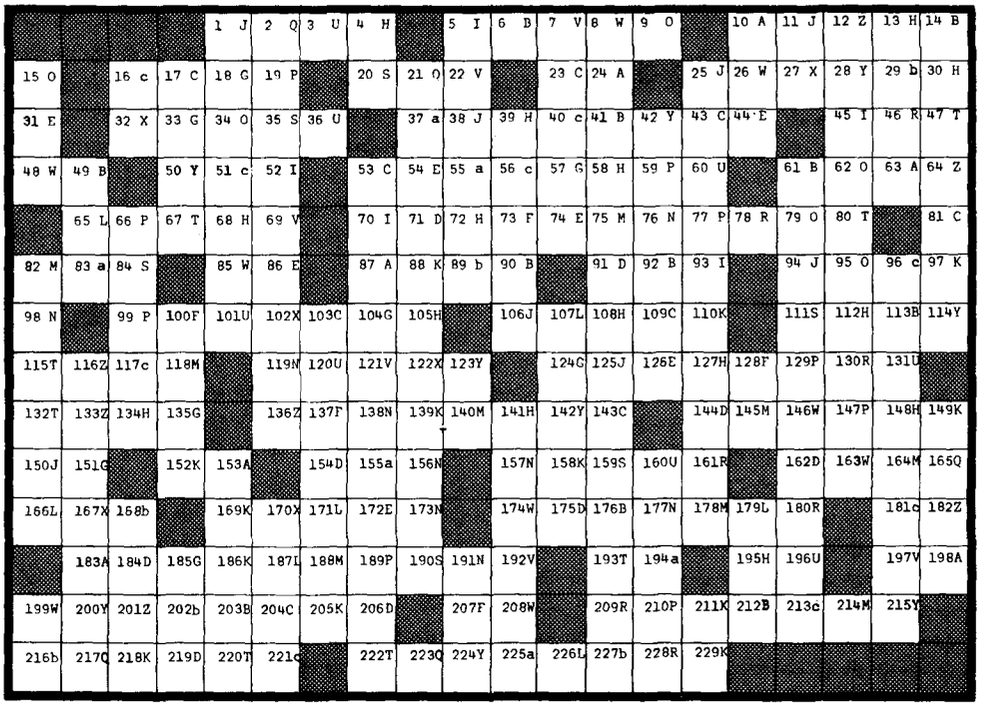
b. To preoccupy intensely or abnormally — 89 216 202 29 168 227

c. Persons who refuse to take an oath — 96 51 117 16 56 40 181 213 221

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 882 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.



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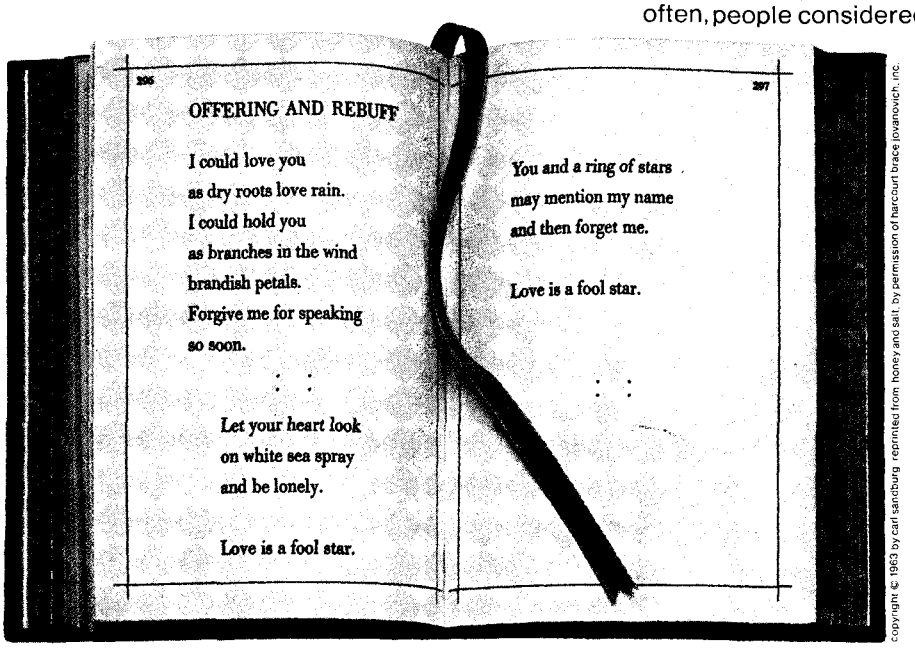
The real
People become obsolete before their time in our assembly line culture.

We no longer grow old gracefully. Years of experience are not always valued. Instead of using the wisdom of age to help solve our problems, we have turned the aged themselves into a problem. Our preoccupation with youth has made us forget that, often, people considered "too old" have the youngest ideas of all.


296
OFFERING AND REBUFF
I could love you
as dry roots love rain.
I could hold you
as branches in the wind
brandish petals.
Forgive me for speaking
so soon.
Let your heart look
on white sea spray
and be lonely.
Love is a fool star.
297
You and a ring of stars
may mention my name
and then forget me.
Love is a fool star.
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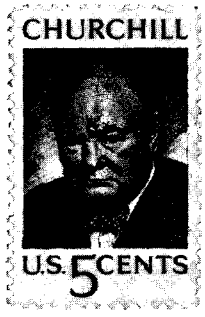
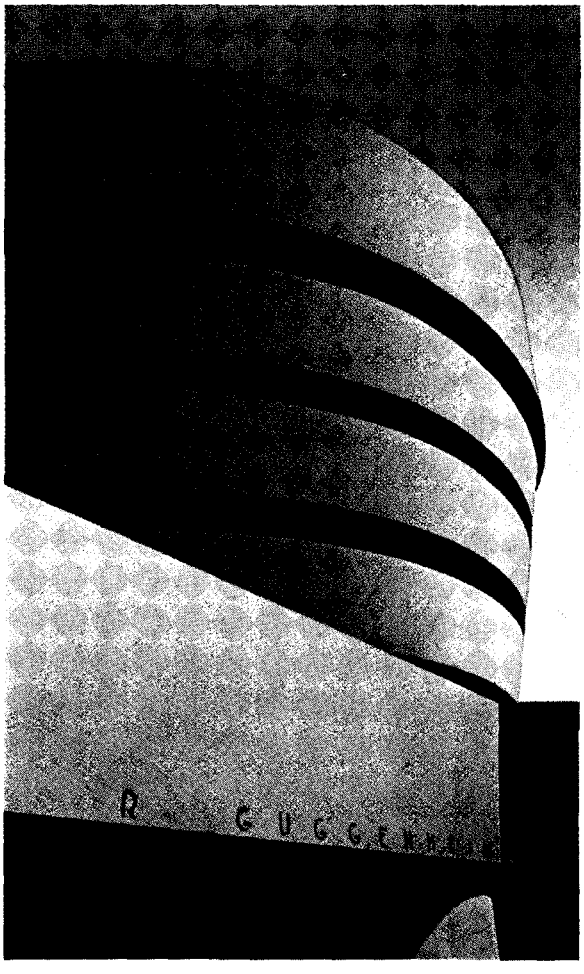
Carl Sandburg, age 85, "Offering and Rebuff."

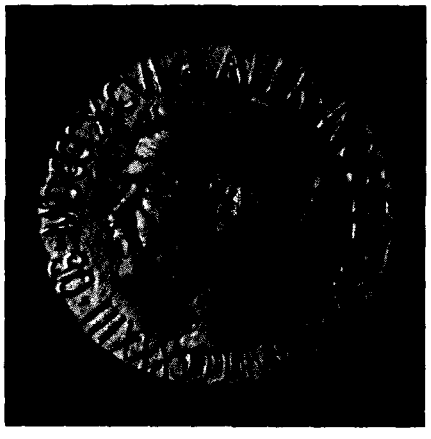


Winston Churchill, age 77, re-elected British Prime Minister.



Frank Lloyd Wright, age 76, "Guggenheim Museum."

Grandma Moses, age 101, "The Rainbow."



Dr. Albert Schweitzer, age 68, "Nobel Peace Prize."

The ideal
The maturity and social flexibility to recognize that for some, life reserves its greatest rewards until later.

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